NATIONAL REVIEW

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January 18, 1956

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

Inflation—Hot and Cold

WILHELM ROEPKE

Reminiscences of A Middle-Class Radical

JOHN DOS PASSOS

Fear and Owen Lattimore

ALOISE HEATH

Articles and Reviews by . . . . JOHN CHAMBERLAIN
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from WASHINGTON *straight*

A NEWSLETTER

SAM M. JONES

The Congress

Vying for popular approval in an election year, both parties, each split internally, offer separate programs to attain similar objectives. Administration forces need a measure of Democratic support to insure enactment of "must" bills. Majority Democrats need skillful blending of criticism and legislative initiative to provide a vote-getting record. Barring a parliamentary tour de force, the ultimate program will be a bi-partisan composite, for which both parties can proudly claim parentage next fall.

Changed View

Walter George, who faces the toughest fight of his political career in the Georgia Senatorial primaries against challenger Herman Talmadge, has deserted his veteran ally in the cause of government thrift, Harry Byrd, to fight for reduction in individual income taxes. Significantly, Talmadge has been edifying Georgia voters on the Senator's record of support for foreign aid while opposing (last session) Democratic proposals for tax cuts and farm aid.

Investigations

Democratic quiz-masters with a five million dollar probe fund are preparing a series of investigations which may, before Congress adjourns, top previous records in number and scope. Prime target is the Eisenhower Administration, with multiple inquiries scheduled into alleged waste in military procurement, "giveaway" charges, loyalty-security processes, and dollar-a-year men.

Vs. Big Labor

Boldly barging in where most Congressmen tread timidly, if at all, leaders of national farm organizations are demanding Taft-Hartley stiffening – to curb the power of organized labor and abolish forced union membership. Both the American Farm Bureau Federation and the National Grange now seek extension of the right-to-work laws currently in effect in 18 states, but their demands go much further and include federal restraints against Big Labor's power over jobs and consumer costs.

Help Wanted: Senate Candidate

Not long ago some Republican strategists were including Missouri among the states where they hoped to pick up a Senate seat next November. The latest reports from St. Louis, however, indicate that the GOP organization is having trouble finding a candidate to oppose Democratic Senator Thomas C. Hennings, Jr.

Foreign Aid

The Administration will have its way on foreign aid, but the total will be reduced by token amounts.

Milton Hires Journalist

Keith Spalding, former editor of the New York Herald Tribune News Service, is now serving as Administrative Assistant to Milton Eisenhower, President of Penn State. Whether Spalding's talents will be employed to assist in Dr. Eisenhower's extra-curricular, off-campus activities has not yet been ascertained.

Di Salle in Ohio Race

Mike Di Salle, former federal price stabilization director, is now running for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination in Ohio on Frank Lausche's coattails. Lausche is strong enough to get Di Salle in over another Democratic aspirant, Robert W. Reider, Port Clinton publisher, should he choose to do so.

The Green Light

The Highway program stymied last session is due for enactment on a pay-as-you-go basis.

OTC

Proposal for U.S. participation in the Organization for Trade Cooperation may be defeated by Republican votes despite White House sponsorship.

Flood Compensation

Flood insurance legislation will be studied, outcome uncertain.

Housing

The Administration will ask for 105,000 new housing units in next three years. The House is expected to reduce this figure.

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

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The WEEK

The results of the French elections dominate international news. Now surely, as W. S. concludes in his analysis of those elections in his column, Mr. Dulles' agonizing reappraisal cannot be put off. The Communist triumph, the strength of the bizarre Poujadists, the disintegration of the center, spell for the French virtual paralysis. For the U.S., the elections impel more or less formal recognition of the futility of a Western anti-Communist alliance which depends in any way on France.

The deadpan proposal by New York State Republican leaders to extend even larger benefits for sick workers than the exorbitant ones urged so recently by politically ambitious Governor Harriman reminds us of a Broadway revue a few years ago which contained what was thought to be a parody on American politics. One scene showed a Presidential candidate, in the election of 197-, acting as master of ceremonies of a gigantic television giveaway show. A contestant answers a difficult question. "Congratulations!" says the candidate. "You have just won the Chicago postmastership! Now—do you want to try for Postmaster *General?*"

During 1955, fair-trade laws in thirteen states were knocked out by the courts. Except for drugs and a few other special products, fair-trade price-fixing has been dying ever since the Korean war. Its death resulted not so much from adverse legal decisions as from the imaginative merchandising of the gaunt, barn-like discount houses, whose only angle has been to let the customer save a buck. Fair-prices were meant to be the small business man's welfare state. In an extended referendum of consumers, their little welfare state was repealed.

For those who missed Premier Bulganin's syntactical triumph on how to get peace in 1956, here it is: "There is no doubt that if the Governments of all countries, and above all the Governments of the great powers, taking into consideration the irresistible longing of the peoples for peace, will in practice try to achieve a further relaxation of international tension and strengthening of trust among the states, then the year 1956 will witness new successes in the struggle

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for putting an end to the cold war, for lessening international tension, and for establishing trust among the states."

Memo to H. M. Government *as they prepare for the visit of Bulganin and Khrushchev:* More than a hundred years ago, the Austrian general, Count Julius Haynau, visited London after he had suppressed the Hungarian insurrection. He was an able commander, but his cruelties to the defeated insurgents sullied his reputation. He was nicknamed "The Hyena." When he inspected a local brewery, he was recognized by some of the draymen; whereupon he was mobbed, and saved from serious injury only by the intervention of the police. After that it became a tradition that no tyrant's presence should contaminate British soil.

A year-end Moscow dispatch reads: "The Chairman of the Nationalities Council of the Supreme Soviet disclosed (sic) today that 6,000 foreign tourists visited the USSR this year. Chairman Vilis Lacis said 1,000 Russians traveled abroad." Clearly the Iron Curtain is melting. Give the Soviets a five-year bout of touristic planning and they will surpass the Seychelles Islands.

Winding Up

The lot of the Republican Party is less pitiable than that of La Rochefoucauld's tormented lady who was at once violently inflamed and inflexibly virtuous. The President's message on the State of the Union, which NATIONAL REVIEW will analyze in detail next week, gives evidence here and there of a very easy virtue indeed in the Republican Party's courtship of the voter—who, it is assumed, will return the affections of that suitor who plies him with the most expensive favors.

There never was such a concern for the welfare of the people as right now. That concern is expressed politically in the determination to shower upon all the people all manner of costly beneficences and, of course, to cut taxes. Northern Democrats have spotted in their opponents' record what they are counting on as the most exploitable political vulnerability: the Republicans have been guilty of episodic economic sanity. So the Democrats, in their unerring way, are moving in. Most recently they fired a broadside against Republicanism in the *Democratic Digest.* That attack signals the nature of the Democratic program —which is, simply, spend more on everything—and Democratic rhetoric—which will be about Big Business and the Rich.

The Democratic program deals with the "falling farm income," to cope with which we need larger doles for farmers (but no tax increase). Then there is the "public-power giveaway," the answer to which is more funds for federal power projects. There is "the school crisis." More funds needed. Bad roads. More funds. More funds, too, for the small businessman, for the sick, for the old and for the workers, who must be rescued from a "GOP anti-labor policy." So much for the Democratic program, though one should add funds for foreign aid.

Then the rhetoric: we suffer from "tax favoritism for the rich." "For every dollar of tax relief to stockholders," says the *Democratic Digest,* "the Eisenhower Administration felt we could only 'afford' to give less than a nickel to . . . " The working man? No. Much better than that: " . . . to working *mothers,* a little over a penny to families with foster children, less than a dime to families with heavy medical expense. . . . "

There is the "favoritism to big business" that manifests itself in anti-laborism. "The National Labor Relations Board," the *Digest* reveals, "includes *two* lawyers who formerly represented management in cases before the NLRB, *as well as a former Taft assistant who helped push the Taft-Hartley law through Congress.*" (Our italics, their dismay.) And so on.

It is a pity that Republicans do not unite to laugh down the suggestion that political responsibility rests in sating the economic appetites of special interest groups in proportion to their voting strength. It is our guess that the political party that first gambles on the voter's disposition to choose for himself freedom and self-respect in preference to free porridge and the accompanying bib, would stumble on the existence of an interest group whose immensity is undreamed of. Let the rival party beware the day!

A New Kind of Guilt

To no one's surprise, the American Civil Liberties Union has blasted the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee for just about everything. It also urged newspaper publishers not to consider the use of the Fifth Amendment by employees as sufficient grounds for dismissal. In addition, the ACLU committed a cagey smear on the Committee by suggesting that its investigations into Communism in the press are motivated by a desire to retaliate against newsmen who have criticized the activities of the Committee over the years.

To be sure, said the ACLU, "no direct evidence has been disclosed to support this view, but we believe that the subcommittee should take special care to avoid even the impression that it is using its power to punish newspapers' editorial policies

(*Continued on page* 6)

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Meditations on Westinghouse

The Westinghouse strike, completing its third grim month, begins to focus with new intensity on certain problems pertaining to the current role of the labor bureaucracy in our society. We here use the term "labor bureaucracy" not as a conventional cliché but with careful emphasis. The officials of established trade unions constitute an entrenched caste which, under our present laws and prevailing public attitudes, is virtually irremovable. Within the unions, democracy has been destroyed. That is the plain fact, and every serious observer, inside or out of the labor movement, knows it. The trade union members have no control over the leaders who speak in their name. And this is no small part of the general problem.

The labor bureaucrats have come to be, in a strict sense, *irresponsible. De facto* they are not under the control of trade union membership. *De jure* and *de facto* they are exempt from the kind of regulation (anti-trust laws, accountability for libel and discrimination, fiduciary status of funds administered for others, penalties for coercive practices, etc.) that is applied to other power groupings in our society. They are further immunized by the survival of sentimental "progressive" (read "Marxian") notions about a starving, downtrodden working class—an idea never more than remotely related to American realities, and today a patent absurdity.

The net result is that the labor leaders are left free to pursue a power struggle of their own devising: an internecine struggle that pits bureaucrat against bureaucrat; and a struggle of the bureaucracy as a whole for the dominant voice in national affairs.

The maneuvers of the labor bureaucrats in and in relation to the political parties and the electoral process are examples of the second form of power struggle. We have previously stated our conviction that the Westinghouse strike began as an incident of the internecine warfare—a grandiose effort by the slipping James B. Carey to make a comeback.

Competition in the electrical equipment industry is extreme. Over the past decade, General Electric, already the largest company in the field, has been pulling still further ahead of its rivals. Westinghouse, second largest, must get a labor contract that is roughly equivalent to General Electric's in wage and benefit scale; that permits reasonably long-term corporate planning (as by a five-year contract coverage, already granted to General Electric); and that allows the reorganization of operations along more efficient lines. Otherwise Westinghouse will drop even more behind, and ultimately out. How that could benefit the Westinghouse workers is hard to grasp. But Carey refused a five-year term and insisted on "safeguards" that would block effective operational reorganization. That is, he refused to permit the conditions which Westinghouse must have in order to survive. In effect, Carey was demanding a veto over the conduct of the company's affairs.

The Westinghouse management decided to fight. Their course was honorable and just. Too often in recent years, in place of toughly negotiated bargaining, there has developed a kind of collusion between company management and labor bureaucracy at the expense of stockholders and public, figuring that neither can organize an effective protest.

The Westinghouse workers had of course voted the *pro forma* "strike authorization" that is part of standard bargaining procedure. But there is no reason to believe that they did or do want a drawn-out strike. In general, the company terms were good. The workers know that the General Electric contract is for five years, and to most workers this arrangement, combining annual wage increases with the prospect of greater job stability, is a desirable feature. There may be some apprehension at the "time study" and reorganization prospects, but most American workers realize that the success of American business rests on the world's most advanced production methods, and that workers won't have good jobs unless business prospers.

To all the other injuries brought by this strike, there must also be added a weakening of Carey's own union, the International Union of Electrical Workers, AFL-CIO. Carey's adventurism has exposed the IUE to the infiltrating attack of its Communist-controlled rival, the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers (UEW). We hope that the natural anger of the Westinghouse management against Carey will not weaken its resistance to any encroachments by the Communists of the UEW. Carey is bad, but as compared with the Communists he remains the lesser evil.

It is not our belief that all problems of society are to be solved by "passing a law." On the whole, we continue to believe in the old doctrine of the fewer laws the better. But existing law along with administrative and judicial interpretation tend to support a damaging imbalance. The labor bureaucracy is protected in its conquests of power without responsibility; of huge sums of money without genuine accountability; of privilege without duty; of the right to force men to strike without their having the reciprocal right to choose to work; of permission to exact tribute with no obligation to render a return in service; of the use of human beings as mere means to ends not of their choice.

NATIONAL REVIEW believes that the unions, now tending through their bureaucracy's irresponsible power drive to develop as an alien state within the state, should be brought back within the proper limits of democratic and republican society.

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or the individual stories of their reporters."

The next day, Senator Eastland impaled the ACLU in a short statement exposing the garbled premises on the basis of which the ACLU found itself, simultaneously, asking for traditional political freedom for the Communists and agreeing that the Communist Party is a conspiratorial force. As to the charge that the Committee might undertake to punish its critics in the press, Senator Eastland asked whether the ACLU had invented a new kind of guilt —"guilt by anticipation."

The ACLU, by the way, should reflect on the fact that it cannot earn respect as a balanced defender of freedom and civil liberties so long as it elects to sponsor (see Mrs. Heath's article below) the lectures of Mr. Owen Lattimore—a man who has said and done nothing which convincingly invalidates the unanimous judgment of a Senate Committee that he was for years the "conscious, articulate instrument of the Soviet conspiracy."

Dormant Issue

Public interest in the problem of Presidential disability has been increasing, and hearings will be conducted in the new Congress with a view to relevant legislation or constitutional amendment.

Of all the provisions of our Constitution, the clause dealing with Presidential disability has been the least annotated. No law concerning it has ever been passed, and only the small handful previously reported in NATIONAL REVIEW (December 7, 1955) has even been proposed. No Court decision has ever dealt with it. In the various records of the Constitutional Convention, there is only a single tantalizing sentence to indicate that the Fathers ever discussed the provision which, after a verbal correction, they in the end adopted. On August 27, according to Madison's *Debates,* John Dickinson of Delaware seconded a motion to postpone the vote on the disability clause, "remarking that it was too vague. What is the extent of the term 'disability,' and who is to be the judge of it?"

These questions in Dickinson's mind are the two that must inescapably be posed, but the records show nothing further on that day or thereafter, for one hundred and eighty years.

"Nightmare in Red"

The National Broadcasting Company and the Armstrong Cork Company deserve the highest praise for having done a remarkable thing. The hour-long television program produced by NBC and sponsored by Armstrong was so telling as to prompt the *Daily Worker* to brand it as an "orgy of hatred for the USSR . . . just the sort of thing you'd expect would be sponsored by Armstrong Cork . . . a production that pictured the Soviet Union as a penitentiary filled with 200,000,000 convicts."

"Nightmare in Red" is a historical film which tells the truth about the rise of Communism in Russia and its growth into a menacing world empire. Not all the truth, to be sure. The failure of the United States and Britain to forestall the Frankenstein growth of Communist power is not touched upon; and without that part of the story its world-wide successes are not wholly intelligible. But much else is graphically here. The seizure of revolutionary power from the shortlived democratic Kerensky government, the Civil War, the consolidation of Lenin's power, the cult of his heir Stalin, the great blood purge of the thirties, the Hitler-Stalin pact which triggered the great war, the defection of whole Russian armies to the invading Germans—all this is shown with a fidelity to fact unique in a period when Communist falsification affects the work of historians far beyond the reach of Soviet terror.

This 53-minute film, produced by Henry Salomon, with narrative by Messrs. Salomon and Richard Hanser, was first exhibited on television on December 27, on the Armstrong Circle Theater. It should be shown throughout the world, often, and particularly in those countries recently and noisily visited by Bulganin and Khrushchev.

Attention Politicians!

Note (courtesy of H. N. Whitman) to Practical (i.e., vote-getting) Politicians: the Dupont Company has 84,494 employees and 152,855 stockholders. And stockholders *also* have a vote. The figures for a random selection of other representative U. S. corporations are as follows:

	Employees	*Stockholders*
Texas Co.	41,630	119,532
Anaconda Copper	38,880	117,614
Alcoa	9,600	14,918
Celanese	12,406	26,681
General Electric	210,000	296,000
General Motors	417,600	482,000
Libby-Owens-Ford	12,548	23,863
International Harvester	70,693	101,000
Pacific Gas & Electric	18,034	129,077
Standard Oil of N. J.	155,000	297,000
Radio Corp. of America	70,500	160,000
Liggett & Myers	10,000	40,000
Ohio Edison	5,775	68,844
National Dairy	45,733	63,177
Pullman	16,000	32,406
Eastman Kodak	72,400	88,000

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A Bow to the Left

We have answers, now, from just about every director of the Fund for the Republic on the question whether he approved the Mary Knowles grant. Our letter, the reader may recall, was provoked by a statement by Robert Hutchins that "the award of $5,000 to the Plymouth Meeting (Pa.) Library, for resisting pressure to discharge an employee, was not made by me, but by the Board of Directors on the recommendation of a Committee of Directors."

We had wistfully hoped that Mr. Hutchins' memory had lapsed, that the grant of money to the defenders of a witness who had flouted a congressional committee and had worked in a Communist Party school was pushed through when the majority of the directors of the FFR were out to lunch. We had hoped to be able to reassure the public, so terribly abused lately, by announcing that at the very least a substantial minority disapproved the grant.

On that point we cannot, even now, speak authoritatively. For the majority of the directors declined to state just how they had voted. One director wrote, confidentially, that he had *not* voted for the grant, and would have voted against it had he been there. Four persons revealed that they had approved the grant. Others refused to say.

The letters contain miscellaneous information and sentiments. One college president, for example, stated that it would be "wholly disreputable" for him to answer the question we put to him—which leaves him branding as disreputable five of his colleagues who *did* tell us how they voted. Then there were the clichés—mountains of them. The Mount Everest among them came from another college president:

"The Board of the Fund for the Republic is composed of a group of deeply patriotic Americans who are seeking to defend the traditional liberties of the citizens of this country as enshrined in the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence. Whatever my personal opinion on any given issue is, I have been happy to go along with the decisions reached by the majority of the Board." Another college president, the same one who keeps disreputable company, said: "I have seldom (he really means "never") left anyone in doubt as to where I stand either on freedom or on tyranny." (He is for the former and against the latter.)

The point we should like to make today is a little bit different from what the reader who has seen us huff and puff about the Fund for the Republic in recent weeks may be prepared to expect. It is a point evoked most especially by a single sentence in a single answer. It came from a *third* college president, Mrs. Eleanor B. Stevenson, of Oberlin. She wrote, without tergiversation, without even reminding us of her patriotism: "Yes. I did approve of the Plymouth Meeting award."

We cannot conceal our admiration for Mrs. Stevenson and for the more straightforward of her colleagues. Here, indeed, is a group of people engaged in sponsoring the single most blatant contemporary effrontery upon our society (if you will except the activities of the Communists themselves). And on top of it all, they preside over a Fund which asks for, and gets, special immunities from the United States Government on the grounds that it is "educational" and "non-partisan." That Fund, in the Mary Knowles case, rewarded a group of people for, in effect, encouraging a Communist to defy a congressional investigating committee.

Still and all, *why* do Mrs. Stevenson of Oberlin, and Mr. Shuster of Hunter, and Mr. Cole of Amherst, and Mr. Roper of New York, and Mr. Hoffman of Pasadena, and their colleagues, behave the way they do? Because, presumably, they feel threatened. There is no other plausible explanation. They feel that "the traditional liberties of the citizens of this country as enshrined in the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence" are in danger. We are the first to agree with those who observe that the danger happens to stem from a group whose capacity to menace the Constitution and the Declaration has been substantially *increased* as the result of the exertions of the Fund; but that is not the point. The point is that none of the directors has very much to gain, and all of them have considerable to lose, in the eyes of a public soberer than they, by their bizarre activities. But on they go. They are quite obviously prepared to lose not only a measure of personal esteem, but *also*, if necessary, tax exemption! That, these days, is the highest degree of self-abnegation.

We think, by contrast, of the scores upon scores of timorous right-wingers we happen to know who will overwhelm you with dire talk about the engulfing age of socialism; about the infinite ambitions of labor unions; about the unconscionable aggressions of the ravenous state; about the terrible dangers of Communist infiltration; about the collectivist indoctrination in American schools and colleges. And yet when the occasion presents itself to make a sacrifice in behalf of their convictions, the conversation quickly turns to the weather. And if the opportunity arises for such men to act in their official capacity as, say, trustees of a foundation, or executives of a large corporation, they will, in the majority of instances, decline to undergo any inconvenience, let alone take any risk. For them, tax exemption and security against public involvement are the very highest values. That is what sets them off from the directors of the Fund for the Republic. And that is why the Left marches on, while the Right retreats.

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The Liberal Line...

WILLMOORE KENDALL

The current facts of life, in the presence of which the Liberal propaganda machine has—somehow—to elaborate a satisfactory line:

—pretty much everyone agrees—in part, no doubt, as a result of the machine's efforts—that we are in the throes of a foreign policy crisis;

—the machine's attempt to pin responsibility for the crisis on Secretary of State Dulles has failed;

—its attempt to sell a vastly stepped-up foreign economic aid program as a way of dealing with the crisis has failed conspicuously;

—the foreign policy crisis—there is indeed a foreign policy crisis—gets worse every day, and is pretty clearly going to stop getting worse only if the Russians cease to behave like Russians;

—the Russians seem likely to keep on behaving like Russians;

—name calling, back and forth between Moscow and Washington, had at year's end achieved such proportions—*dare* we say it?—such proportions as to suggest that before long someone is going to get really sore.

All the way along, be it noted, the machine has lost the initiative. Mr. Dulles, originally slated to be the victim of the machine's themes about the crisis, now provides under-the-table quotes with which to document and dramatize its gravity (e.g., he brackets Geneva with Yalta). Not only has the increased foreign aid program failed to catch on: its major spokesman within Administration circles turns out to have been none other than Mr. Nixon (whose career, to put it mildly, the machine is not out to forward). The machine cannot offer its readers-listeners what they are looking for, namely: an explanation of the crisis that will leave no doubt as to the steps we must take in order to have a Happy New Year; for it does not possess such an explanation. Nor—accustomed as it is to trade in omniscience about foreign affairs—does it know how to regain the initiative.

The Liberal line on foreign affairs, in other words, is as of this writing virtually non-existent, and the machine itself, where foreign affairs are concerned, virtually out of business. It always has, of course, the *negative* function of seeing to it that certain points of view do not get serious attention; and this it is doing now, as formerly. But on the positive side, about all it has to say, at the present juncture, is:

—that any war between the U.S. and the USSR involving the use of nuclear or thermonuclear weapons will lead inexorably to the extinction of the human race;

—that the Russians understand this as well as we do;

—that the Russian leaders, like us, have powerful instincts of survival, and will not take any step that would lead to their extinction;

—that, therefore, there will be no atomic or hydrogen-bomb warfare between the U.S. and the USSR, ever;

—that the current crisis in foreign affairs is essentially a crisis as regards the methods we are to use in preventing the spread of Communism via warfare with non-nuclear weapons, propaganda, foreign aid, etc.

A Dangerous Game

That, and pretty much *only* that, I repeat, on the positive side. No opportunity is being missed, to be sure, to get these points across—and, on the negative side, to pretend that there is no one on the horizon who disagrees with them. As the machine's major spokesmen well know, however, the nation's military leadership includes persons who regard two of the foregoing points as highly dubious (both indispensable to the argument), and who, therefore, think its conclusion unwarranted. Concretely, they regard the point about extinction of the race (or, variously, the destruction of civilization as we have known it, or variously, blowing the world to smithereens) as a piece of politically tendencious blackmail, originating with the atomic scientists under guess whose leadership. Concretely again, they regard the point about the Russians' instinct for survival as one that, while valid within certain limits, must not be permitted to obscure the Russians' determination to win, or the ruthlessness with which they fight when the stakes are high.

For two reasons, then, the machine is playing an extremely dangerous game these days. It is deliberately suppressing—or dismissing as crass ignorance—points of view entertained by men in high places in the nation's military establishment, some of them men with fair claims to be the intellectual peers of even the best strategists writing columns for newspapers. And it is confronting the nation with a hopeless dilemma. Either take steps that will lead inexorably to extinction of the race, they are saying, or depend for national survival on the proposition that the *Russians* won't ever take such steps. And this dilemma produces, in the minds of those who accept its alternatives as real, a fatalistic defeatism about the whole business of U.S.-USSR relations.

Mostly the defeatism, to date anyhow, has been tacit: it expresses itself in positions which, if adhered to, leave us with no answer to the question: How, off at the end, do we prevent occupation of the United States by the Soviet Union? Occasionally the defeatism comes right out into the open, as was duly noted in this column a few weeks ago after Mr. Lippmann proposed that we begin to treat Germany as a "negotiable asset." But the classic instance to date (if you can read it and still sleep soundly tonight, I envy you your composure) is the following from Richard Rovere's end-of-the-year "Letter from Washington" to the select audience of the new *New Yorker*:

"Faced by the Russian successes, the planners of our own policy have very little to counter with—or at least very little that is new . . . The feeling here is that if nothing new turns up on our side, it will not be for want of initiative but simply because *all the ideas there are have already been used up* [emphasis mine]. There are limits to what governments can do, and we seem to have explored most of them."

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Reminiscences of A Middle-Class Radical

One of America's most distinguished authors jots down random memories of his experiences with Communism, in Russia, Spain and our own United States

JOHN DOS PASSOS

A Summer in Moscow

I probably didn't write about friends I made in the Russian theater because I already felt that they were under a shadow. I was afraid something I might say would make their lives more difficult under the regime.

The other inhibition, of course, was the fear of writing something that would be seized on by anti-Soviet propaganda in the West. In those days I was trying to be neutral, above the battle like Goethe.

It was puzzlement more than disillusionment I suffered from. I came away full of admiration for the energy and breadth of the Russian mind. I felt that the Russians were nearer to finding a solution to the strange and horrible world industrial society had produced for mankind than we were in America. Even then I didn't pretend to like the solution. There must be a better way.

I tried to put that feeling into words: You don't have to make a decision yet, I kept telling myself. As Communist power grew, that position proved untenable.

How hard it is to write truthfully. Reading over the articles I wrote that summer I keep remembering things I forgot to put in. Why did I forget to put in about the enlarged photographs of Lenin as a baby I saw in the ikon corner in the peasants' houses instead of the Christ Child? Why did I neglect people's hints about Stalin? There was a very pleasant actress whom I've called Alexandra who had worked with the Art Theater I sometimes took evening walks with in Moscow. She came of the old revolutionary intelligentsia. I shall never forget the look of hate that would come into her face when we'd pass a large photograph of Stalin in a store window. She never spoke. She would just nudge me and look. As the years went on I understood what she meant. Of course in 1928 Stalin had not shown himself yet. He was working from behind the scenes. Trotsky was in exile but there were still people around the theater in Moscow whom their friends introduced half laughingly as Trotskyites. The terror that English journalist was trying to tell me about still lurked in the shadows. It was not yet walking the streets.

And yet, I remember that for absolutely no reason I fell into a real funk for fear they wouldn't let me leave the last few days I was in Moscow attending to the final passport formalities. Just like every other American, I'd done my best to see the good, but the last impression I came away with was fear, fear of the brutal invisible intricate machinery of the police state. No fear was ever better founded.

Warsaw in those days was no paradise of civil liberties, but I still remember how well I slept in the sleazy bed in the faded hotel I put up at in Warsaw after piling out of the Moscow train. Warsaw was Europe. My last month in Moscow I'd been scared every night.

Dreiser in the Coalfields

The stock market collapse of 1929 and the partial breakdown of the free enterprise system of which it was a symptom provided the Marxists with their great I told you so. Things like that didn't happen in the Soviet Union. You didn't have to be a Marxist to blame all this misery on the slaphappy greed of the capitalists. Even from the perspective of today, after every effort to eliminate the bogeyman from the picture, it still seems true that the American businessman had proved himself politically a conspicuous failure. For all his feeding at the government trough had not been able to develop the responsible ruling class that Alexander Hamilton looked forward to. Looking back on those years what most stands out is the businessman's panicky abdication.

The soft coal industry like many another was on its beam ends. The Communist Party at that time was trying to organize its own trade unions. With their flair for publicity, the Communist leaders induced a number of writers and journalists to serve as a committee to go to the Kentucky coalfields to see for themselves the violence that had met the efforts of Communist-trained organizers to form a union.

Theodore Dreiser, shy, opinionated, sensitive and aware as an old bull elephant, headed the committee. He looked like a senator, he acted like a senator and he got himself into a thoroughly senatorial scrape. For all of that there was a sort of massive humanness about him, a self-dedicated disregard of consequences, a sly sort of dignity that earned him the respect of friend and foe alike.

In the tradition of a congressional investigative committee, we settled down at the hotel in Pineville. We heard all the usual stories of violence legal and illegal against labor agitators, pushed a little further than usual in this case by the violent traditions of the Kentuckians. The miners' soup kitchens had been blown up. There had been gunbattles, mountain style, between strikers and company men. As I remember we really tried to hear both sides. The party members who were trying to direct the course of

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the proceedings showed a scornful tolerance for our "liberalism."

"Equity" was the word Dreiser used continually. He wanted equity. Like so many of his words it was a hard one to corner. I had trouble getting a sharp meaning out of it. It led him, strangely, into the Communist camp in later years. I already had a suspicion that this equity meant taking away everything the rich had. We were an ill-educated lot but I had already acquired enough political sophistication to know that wouldn't make the poor any richer. We had to learn our way as we went. American writers were babes in the woods in those days.

Our little expedition wasn't without comic relief. With characteristic bravado Dreiser had brought along with him a handsome and well-dressed young woman who certainly was not his wife. She had caught the eye of some of the sheriff's deputies in Pineville and they had amused themselves stacking toothpicks against the great man's door after the young woman had entered it rather late one night. The toothpicks were still there in the morning. The sheriff arrested Dreiser at breakfast for infringing some local morals ordinance.

Dreiser, playing so well the part of the pachyderm, seemed completely undisturbed. In court, so I was told later, he confounded everybody by announcing that nothing immoral could have taken place since he was an old man and impotent. I don't know whether he was telling the truth or lying. I don't even remember how the case came out. All I remember is the strange look he had of an old bull elephant at bay.

Sometime after we had all left Harlan County a local grand jury indicted several of us under the Kentucky criminal syndicalism law. When I got back to New York the chairman of the central committee sent for me and asked me to go back and stand trial. I refused. Already I had the feeling that there was something a little too offhand about the way these human engineers were handling the Kentucky miners. There was something about the boss Communist's sneering tone that made it a little too obvious that he enjoyed making monkeys of the warmhearted liberals.

The miners were even more pawns than we were. A whole series of small incidents in Kentucky had made me feel that the Communists were treating the misery and revolt of the Harlan County miners with the same professional's sneer. Their scornful attitude towards perfectly sincere IWW and AFL men. The way they handled the cases of the miners in jail, denying help to men who wouldn't play their game.

Spain First and Last

It's almost thirty years since I first knew Spain. A few months after graduating from college at a most impressionable period of my life I lived a while in Madrid. The angry beauty of the countryside, the dignity of the people, the paintings of Velasquez and Goya, the prose of Cervantes, the epic of the Cid and the salty verses of the Archpriest of Hita all hit me at once. Life still conducted according to the ritual of the seventeenth century gave to every day a quality of theater. As I learned the language I began to feel enormous sympathy for the people of this nation so various and so much themselves, so unaffected by the standardization of the life of our day.

In Spain it was a time of intellectual effervescence. All the currents of nineteenth century liberalism seemed to converge in the brittle air of the Castilian plateau. The country was prosperous, though to an American the contrast between brutal wealth and brutal poverty was shocking indeed. There was saving grace in everything being so open and aboveboard. In the midst of the decay of the old pageantry a future was being prepared. Here all the liturgical phrases of the nineteenth century religion of progress, which had seemed hollow and platitudinous to a young man growing up in America in detestation of the Sunday supplements, rang true. The sort of Spaniards who were at home with reading and writing, journalists, lawyers, doctors, architects, felt an immense desire to further the good of mankind the way the men who launched our own American republic had furthered the good of mankind. Progress was their faith. The old monarchy was played out. A second republic was the coming attraction. The ancient dramas of starvation and riches were to be taken off the boards.

These feudal aristocrats who had forgotten the duties of feudal lords, these peacock officers who strutted in such empty boredom through the lobbies of military clubs, these ecclesiastics who had forgotten that humility was a Christian virtue, all these thrones and principalities and powers would soon be turning in their worn-out rules taught them in dark ages past. They were about to be enlightened. They would come back on the stage with the greatest good for the greatest number their order of the day. Every Spaniard would be re-outfitted as a citizen of the modern world. The beggars would learn useful trades, the prostitutes would become thrifty housewives, the bullfighters would take to raising fat steers for the market.

The story of how I went back to Spain in 1937 is typical of the blundering of well-intentioned American liberals trying to make themselves useful in the world. Ever since the Civil War started I had been working with various friends trying to find ways to induce the Roosevelt Administration to allow the republican government to buy arms in America.

In the end it was decided that a documentary movie of the war would be a way to get the attention of the American public. Money was raised, a brilliant young Dutch director was produced to shoot the picture. A well-known American writer, who also knew and loved the Spanish people, was induced to join me in writing the script.

A few nights before I sailed, Carlo Tresca, who was the editor of a libertarian Italian weekly in New York, took me out to dinner. Carlo Tresca combined the shrewdest kind of knowledge of men and their motives with profound information on the realities of politics he'd acquired in a lifetime of partisan warfare in the anarchist cause. "John," he told me, "they goin' make a monkey outa you . . . a beeg monkey."

How could they? We were to have complete charge of the shooting of the picture.

Carlo laughed in my face. "How can you? When your director is a Communist Party member, when everywhere you go you will be supervised by Party members. Everybody you see will be chosen by the Party. Everything you do will be for the interests of the Communist Party. If the

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Communists don't like a man in Spain right away they shoot him."

Of course Carlo was right.

Brand of the Special Section

One of the best things about my first stay in Madrid back in 1916 was the number of friends I made there. On the train to Toledo one Sunday morning I fell in with a young fellow who was a student at the University. Painting and architecture were my main interests at the time. We found we had many common tastes. Painting and poetry were his. We went to see Greco's painting of the burial of the Count of Orgaz together and came away fast friends. After he graduated from college and married, he came to America to teach. He was a man of vigorous, skeptical and inquiring mind. Whenever we happened to be in the same city we saw a great deal of each other. He and his family were back in Spain on a summer vacation when Franco's revolt exploded. I knew that he had stayed on to see what he could do to help the republican cause.

When I left New York I expected to go to him first. I knew that with his knowledge and taste he would be the most useful man in Spain for the purposes of our documentary film. When I asked for him in Valencia faces took on a strange embarrassment. Behind the embarrassment was fear. No one would tell me where he could be found. When at last I found his wife she told me. He had been arrested by some secret section or other and was being held for trial.

I started on a new round of the officials. All right, if the man was being held for trial, what was he being accused of? I knew that he had a brother who was an army officer on Franco's side and that members of his father's family were royalists, but I also knew that there was no possible doubt of his devotion to the cause of the republic.

How about arranging an interview with him so that I could help him with his defense?

Again the runaround, the look of fear, fear for their own lives, in the faces of republican officials. In the end I learned the truth. He had been shot.

The higher-ups at Valencia tried to make me believe that he had been kidnapped and killed by anarchist "incontrollables." It wasn't till I got to Madrid that I learned from the chief of the republican counter-espionage service that my friend had been executed by a "special section." He added that in his opinion the execution had been a mistake and that it was too bad. Spaniards closer to the Communists I talked to said the man had been shot as an example to other officials because he had been overheard indiscreetly discussing military plans in a café. The impression I came away with was that the Russians had him put out of the way because he knew too much about the negotiations between the War Ministry and the Kremlin and was not, from their very special point of view, politically reliable.

Some of my associates in the documentary film project were disgusted with me for making all these inquiries. What's one man's life at a time like this? We mustn't let our personal feelings run away with us. But how in the world, I asked them, are you to tell what's going on except by personal experience?

Engineers from Moscow

Remembering those days in Madrid I can still feel the frustration and strain of trying to pick out the truth from amid the tangle of false appearances. There was wonderful courage among ordinary people. It was impossible not to be carried away with admiration for the self-sacrifice of so many men from every part of Europe and America who had thrown their lives into the breach to prevent a Fascist victory. There was the old-fashioned gallantry of the Spaniards. There was the humble stoicism of so many perplexed men and women who were trying to behave honorably towards their own beliefs and at the same time to go on leading their lives in the only way they knew how, to keep their children clothed and fed, to take care of the old people, to keep a roof over their heads. Then there were the ghoulish figures of revolutionary adventurers, the Mexican painter with two pistols in his belt, the men who were carving themselves careers out of these troublous times. And behind it all the feeling of being managed.

Everywhere I went people were calling, and with reason, for a central command. The central command was already there. I can't remember the name of the Madrid hotel the Russian staff officers occupied. It had an English name. There everything was efficient, at least on the surface. There was the impression of military polish you would get from the general staff of any of the major armies. There was the impression, too, of being with the conquerors in occupied territory. You felt their complete divorce from any feeling for the population that formed the raw material for their human engineering. A feeling so far from sympathy that it was mighty near hatred. The conquerors and the conquered. It was a surprise to find the receptionist a New York girl—one of those fanatical but humdrum faces I've been accustomed to see in Communist-run organizations in America. Was this where the do-gooders among the Greenwich Village radicals had been heading?

What I was seeing, I know now, was the taking over of the dying liberal republic by an outpost of international Communism. All I could write was what I saw on the surface.

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NATIONAL TRENDS

L. BRENT BOZELL

Impotent Fifth

In an election year, when the political leverage of "interest groups" is presumably at a maximum, the most numerous and the most determined of all the voters' blocks will predictably have not the slightest influence on the selection of Presidential candidates, or on the outcome of the campaign.

The South has some sixteen million registered voters and is accredited with 128 votes in the electoral college, roughly a fifth of the national totals in both categories. In ways that Northerners who stay home cannot begin to appreciate, Southern opinion on the school segregation issue is aroused, militant and, for the most part, single-minded; moreover, it is desperately seeking political expression. Most Southern newspapers devote anywhere from 20 to 50 per cent of their news space to various aspects and ramifications of the Supreme Court's segregation decision. The subject is everywhere a conversation piece and always the occasion for venting profoundly disturbed and increasingly inflammable sentiments. Which is not to say that Southerners are unconcerned with other issues. They are, however, only marginally concerned with anything else, believing, as most Southerners earnestly do, that school segregation is indispensable to their "way of life." So much so that the vast majority of the South's popular vote and its entire electoral allotment is deliverable to any Presidential candidate who believably takes the states' rights side of the segregation issue. Still, there will be no bidders for this package among the Presidential candidates.

The Southern quandary can be laid to the belief, held by leaders of both parties, that the Court's school decision has precluded the possibility of the GOP again cracking the South. No Presidential candidate is likely to risk offending one group of voters by courting the favor of a second group which he knows either (a) is on his side anyway, or (b) cannot be got on his side, no matter what he does. Democrats believe that the South has nowhere to go save into the Democratic camp; they will therefore address their appeals to the less predictable Negro and Liberal white voters in the North. Republicans, on the other hand, rightly suspect that nothing short of a proposal to impeach the present Supreme Court could persuade Southerners that the GOP will stand by them on the segregation issue.

Perhaps Southerners would fare better with Republicans rather than with Liberal Democrats in control of the national Administration. Perhaps; but as Southerners see it, the South's ideal of a racially segregated society received its most serious setback since the Civil War under a Republican Administration — a judicially executed setback, to be sure, but one they nonetheless attribute to the prevailing political climate in Washington. To this must be added a feeling of betrayal: many Southerners in 1952 foreswore their traditional allegiance to the Democrats on their understanding that Republicans had nominated a more vigorous states' rights champion than President Eisenhower has proved himself to be. (Cf. Mr. Eisenhower's campaign address in Columbia, S.C.)

Forlorn Hope

In the circumstances many Southerners pin their hopes on a third party candidacy that might, they say, prevent either of the major parties from obtaining an absolute majority, and thus force a run-off in the House of Representatives. They are confident that Governor Shivers, Senator Eastland, Senator Thurmond, or any number of others, could carry twelve Southern states. That a presentable states-rightist would carry the South is hardly open to question; but there are a number of sound reasons why no such candidate will present himself, or, if he should, will not be supported by party organizations.

In the first place, Southern politicians believe that their chances of preventing a majority in the Electoral College are slim. The disturbing fact is that in no national election since 1916 has the South, as things worked out, held the balance of power. Moreover, as they read current omens, Southern organization men believe that in the likely event Mr. Eisenhower is not a candidate, the Democratic plurality is certain to exceed the 128 votes the South is in a position to withhold. They remember that in 1948 when Henry Wallace captured nearly a million insurgent Democratic popular votes, Truman had enough Northern strength to win, even had Southern electors cast all their votes for Thurmond.

Second, Southern leaders believe that even should the election be decided in the House, their chances of successfully bargaining for the Presidency are practically nil. In a House run-off, each state is entitled to one vote, and the selection is made by the out-going Congress. In spite of the Democrats' decided advantage in total numbers, Republican Representatives currently hold majorities in 23 of the congressional delegations; five states are evenly divided between Democrats and Republicans. This would give the GOP better than an even chance to pick up the two votes necessary for an absolute majority on the first ballot, no matter what the Southern states might do.

Third—even should they win the Presidency—there is little, Southerners feel, that a pro-segregation Executive could do by way of aiding the South's cause—unless by federal troops, an unlikely step in any event. While a Republican or Northern Democratic President who opposed the Supreme Court decision might be able to spur congressional action on the constitutional amendment sought by the South, a minority President would lack the necessary political leverage.

In a word, the predictable advantage to the South of a third party movement, when weighed against the sort of punishment that victorious Democratic Liberals could visit upon Southern leaders (for example, congressional committee purges, denials of patronage, to say nothing of formal excommunication from the party), make the risks of voting the segregation bloc in the national election prohibitive.

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The THIRD WORLD WAR

JAMES BURNHAM

The Words of Freedom

A Christmas message from the President to the inhabitants of Eastern Europe was broadcast, to Nikita Khrushchev's intense annoyance, by the semi-official Radio Free Europe. The powerful RFE transmitters, operating from Portugal and Germany, beamed to Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Bulgaria translations of Mr. Eisenhower's words expressing his confidence that the future will bring them freedom. "The American people recognize the trials under which you are suffering," he told the large audience that in spite of risk listens to Radio Free Europe. "I join you in your concern for the restoration of individual freedoms and political liberty and share your faith that right in the end will prevail to bring you once again among the free nations of the world."

This message, paralleled by others from Secretary Dulles, Ambassador Lodge and ex-President Hoover, continued an Eisenhower tradition that dates back to the 1952 campaign and still earlier days. The President and a number of his associates have repeatedly stated their sympathy with and their hope for, even expectation of, the liberation of the captive nations. The President did so at the Geneva Summit meeting last July, as did Mr. Dulles in November, at Geneva No. 2.

I do not doubt their sincerity in these hopes. I feel sure that the President is genuinely grieved at the enslavement of the captive peoples, that he warmly wishes their freedom. The feeling and wish are very natural for an American; and naturally American also is the optimistic belief that what one hopes for will some day come to be. Perhaps the stimulus of Presidential elections, in which millions of Americans of East European origin participate, tends to push the issue more prominently forward, but that too is only horse sense.

The leaders of the Administration want the captive nations to be free. But, apart from formal declarations to that effect from time to time, the Administration acts in such ways as to reinforce their enslavement. I do not understand exactly why this is so. If the President and his colleagues were "insincere," the disparity between word and act would be easy enough to explain. But they don't seem to be insincere in any simple sense, at any rate as they see themselves. Are they invincibly ignorant here: that is, do they fail to grasp—or choose not to grasp—the conflict between the implications of what they say and the consequences of what they do? That may well be. Or do they feel themselves under such variety of pressures from allies and enemies foreign and domestic that they think they cannot act as they think they would "like to" if the pressures were less acute?

From Words to Acts

Whatever the explanation, the conflict between their words and deeds is a fact, and a fact momentous not only for the captive nations but for the chances of our own survival.

To adopt a "policy of liberation" toward the captive nations of the Soviet empire (and Russia itself, for that matter) presupposes the conviction: 1) that the present (Communist) regimes of these nations are illegitimate; 2) that the regimes have no foundation in justice or right, and do not represent the will or consent of the peoples over whom they rule; 3) that there is, thus, a breach or gap between the peoples and the regimes; 4) that we as a nation oppose the regimes; 5) that it is our national policy to assist the peoples to get rid of their present regimes; 6) that it would be to our national interest if these present regimes were replaced by others founded on the freely given consent of the peoples.

If these premises are not true, then the President had no justification for saying what he did say in his Christmas message to Eastern Europe. Apart from these premises, talk about freedom for the captive nations is irresponsible adventurism or demagogy.

When, through the "package deal," we accept four Communist governments into a United Nations of which we are principal supporter, our action speaks far more eloquently than the President's Christmas words — proclaims that these governments are righteous, legitimate, and (as the UN Charter puts it) "peace-loving." When we not merely have formal diplomatic relations with Moscow's representatives but smile and joke with them, exchange family gifts with them, go to their parties and invite them to ours, then we are saying to the Soviet peoples in a voice much louder than Radio Free Europe's: These rulers of yours are in our eyes not usurpers, tyrants, aggressors and assassins, but legitimate governors and decent human beings. When we offer Moscow and its satellites treaties, disarmament pacts, trade agreements, we imply that the Communist regimes are here to stay, that their word can be trusted.

What meaning can talk about "individual freedoms and political liberty" have when actions such as these are its exclusive gloss? It is doubtful that the captive peoples believe our ritual words any more. They avoid despair only because they really do so hate the Communist regimes; because they long so desperately for freedom; and because they believe that by the very nature of the whole world situation the United States *cannot* make coexisting peace with Moscow no matter what the American leaders do or say.

But if our government continues its course of appeasement (however called), it will in the end compel the captive peoples to come to permanent terms with the Communist regimes. The neo-isolationists of the Ernest Weir type are one with the *Daily Worker* in thinking that this would be a happy conclusion. The *Daily Worker*, we may grant, has good reason for its thought. The breach between the captive peoples and the Communist regimes rates even above our nuclear armament as the great deterrent to Moscow's power to launch general war. (That this is Khrushchev's estimate was plainly shown by his reaction to the Christmas message.) If war comes, this breach will be—unless by our actions we have closed it—the greatest weapon by far in bringing Moscow's defeat. The necks that are at stake are not only in Eastern Europe.

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Pennsylvania

GOP Victory Now Doubtful in State Traditionally Republican

SAM M. JONES

Once upon a time professed Democrats were almost as scarce in Pennsylvania as white Republicans in Georgia. The Union League of Philadelphia and the Duquesne Club in Pittsburgh were a social infinity above the Legislature at Harrisburg, but sound Republicanism was a minimum qualification for recognition in any of the three. From the Civil War to the Roosevelt Revolution, membership in the Republican Party was a mark of caste, civic responsibility and enlightened self-interest. It was the party of wealth and aristocracy, but it was sustained by a vigorous, uninhibited proletariat that served the bosses and sometimes vetoed its betters.

In the four score and eleven years since the death of Abraham Lincoln, the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania has cast its electoral vote for only two Democrats — Woodrow Wilson and Franklin D. Roosevelt. Wilson was rejected for a second term by the Pennsylvania electorate, but Roosevelt carried the state in '36, '40 and '44. Three Democratic governors were chosen in the same period; one served twice in the closing decade of the nineteenth century and two others, George H. Earle and George M. Leader, were elected in 1932 and 1954 respectively.

Herbert Hoover won Pennsylvania with almost a million votes to spare in 1928, but General Eisenhower's plurality in '52 was only 269,000. Before 1932, the Democrats seldom had more than a token representation in Congress, but in '36, the year of the great debacle, the GOP lost 27 out of 34 congressional districts. During the high tide of the New Deal, Pennsylvania sent two Democratic Senators to Washington. Today the Republicans hold both Senate seats and fourteen of the thirty seats in the House, but a Democrat is Governor and the old state-wide Republican supremacy is only a memory.

The over-all GOP pattern in Pennsylvania during the past quarter century has been one of diminishing returns. Philadelphia, with nearly a fifth of the state's ten million people, has long since ceased to be a Republican stronghold. In 1948 Dewey lost Philadelphia County by less than 8,000 votes, but Stevenson carried it four years later with a plurality of 161,000. Mr. Eisenhower made a much better showing in Allegheny County (Pittsburgh), edging Stevenson out by 11,000 votes, but both Philadelphia and Pittsburgh now have Democratic mayors and the GOP must look for its margin of victory in the smaller cities and the farming areas.

Some eight million acres—almost one-fifth of the state's land area—is in agricultural production. The decline in farm prices has affected Pennsylvania's agricultural economy to some extent, but it is not as serious as in the Midwest, nor has it had material political repercussions so far.

Employment in the obsolescent coal industry has been falling steadily for the past three years, with the major drop in the bituminous area. Industrial employment has also dropped. In Philadelphia unemployment is 3 per cent higher than the national average.

Governor Leader's surprise election in '54 was partly due to a pledge to let the state's sales tax expire, a promise he fulfilled. Unfortunately for his plans, the substitute income-tax measure with which he hoped to replace the $6,000,000 a month sales-tax return has been blocked for ten months by the Republicans, who control the upper House of the Legislature. There is evidence of considerable resentment over the financial imbroglio. Where it will find outlet, however, is another matter. Pennsylvania's governors are elected for four years, so the voters will not be able to strike at Mr. Leader in Harrisburg. Republicans say it is purely an internal condition and not politically related to national affairs. But the Democrats maintain that dissatisfaction with the Republican State Senate will be reflected in national returns.

The long standing factionalism in the Pennsylvania GOP has evolved into a tug of war between the heirs of the Eisenhower-Taft fight in the Convention of '52. Former Governor and incumbent Senator Duff, who defeated the old Grundy machine in 1950 and was one of Ike's original backers, heads the Liberal wing of the party, while National Committeeman G. Mason Owlett, President of the Pennsylvania Manufacturers' Association, leads the Conservative forces.

Before his heart attack, it was generally agreed by Republicans and Democrats alike that Ike would have an odds-on chance of carrying the state, but there have been highly variable opinions in recent weeks. In its latest phase the popular view reflects a fear that the President's chances, if he runs, will be impaired by day-to-day concern over his health throughout the campaign. In this period of indecision, no other Republican candidate is receiving much consideration. They are blacked out by lack of illumination on the plans of the man in the White House. This is also affecting the coming Senatorial race, in which Senator Duff will probably be pitted against the former Mayor of Philadelphia, Joseph S. Clark, Jr. Clark has a good record and the support of nearly all the party chieftains.

Mayor Lawrence supported Stevenson in '52 and participated in the draft movement at the Democratic Convention. Lawrence's protégé, Governor Leader, is publicly committed to Stevenson. Clark and Dilworth were Kefauver men in the pre-convention period of '52, but both supported the Stevenson ticket. They have indicated no position in the current Stevenson-Kefauver contest, but no prominent Democrats in the State have publicly endorsed anyone except Stevenson.

The Democrats have the obvious advantage of state and big city control, together with that of an efficiently organized party in which there is no serious factionalism. The GOP is weakened by a softening of prosperity around the edges, intramural discord, and the lack of a sure candidate or several acceptable alternatives. When the Presidential picture is clarified, it will be possible to make a much more definite appraisal of the relative strength of the parties. For the present, however, Pennsylvania belongs in the doubtful column.

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Inflation, Hot and Cold

Professor Wilhelm Roepke, the famous and untiring conscience of the world's truly liberal economics, deals with the socialist skeleton in many a nation's closet since the war: inflation

WILHELM ROEPKE

Inflation, either imminent or actual, has once more become the absorbing concern of governments and central banks, and a cause of uneasiness among people in all walks of life. Moreover, the dread of a continuous decrease in the purchasing power of their money has become one of the most influential factors in determining the outlook and decisions of men in economic life.

Ironically, inflation as a chronic postwar ailment emerged in flagrant contradiction of scholarly expectations. What had been expected in the late forties was *deflation;* and governments and central banks were all set to cope with this bogey by setting loose a torrent of money and credit. To keep up "full employment" by all possible countermeasures against imaginary deflation; to deem all policies good which increase "effective demand" and all policies bad which restrict it; to decry saving as obnoxious; to hold that wages can hardly be too high or interest rates too low—such were the currently popular ideas. And this at a time when it should have been obvious that the lurking evil would be inflation, not deflation.

It is no exaggeration to say that the entire economic reconstruction after World War Two was, for a long period, vitiated by national policies based on a wrong forecast. While doing their utmost to cope with imaginary deflation, governments all over the world were only adding fuel to an inflation which was all too real.

No better example of this ill-inspired policy can be found than Sweden, a country spared by the war, like Switzerland, and at least equal to Switzerland in economic potentialities. In contrast to the Swiss, however, the Swedes followed the course of increasing investments and mass consumption by all possible means, of giving credits right and left and, finally, of artificially increasing the exchange value of their currency; all this in the name of "full employment," of combatting inflation, of "cheap money," and of the Welfare State. In this manner, they achieved the "miracle" of making a hard currency "soft," of creating a "dollar shortage," and even of becoming eligible for Marshall Plan aid.

Inflation, particularly in Europe, was inextricably bound up with socialist policies. At the same time, the socialist practices of rationing, price-fixing, planning, exchange-control and other "physical" controls, were employed for the purpose of combatting by governmental coercion the effects of an inflation for which government was responsible. The result was that ugly mixture of inflation and collectivism which we call repressed inflation.

Failure of "Leftist" Policy

While inflation proved indispensable in keeping the collectivist economies going, collectivism in turn served to keep inflation going by mitigating its worst tangible results—both with the assistance of the Marshall Plan (which in sober economic analysis appears to have been an indispensable support of this whole collectivist-inflationary structure). If post Keynesian economics proved that only constant monetary expansion could save us from potential deflation, so much the better. And it is easy to understand why all those steering this "leftist" course of economic policy, or giving it their academic blessing, were loath to admit that the theory of constant deflationary pressure was fatally wrong.

This explains why it took such an agonizingly long time for governments and theorists to submit to the overwhelming evidence, and why even today there are some countries in Europe which still have to learn the lesson. Moreover, there are few countries today where deflation-phobia is not smoldering under the ashes, to flare up at the slightest provocation. It is this condition which makes it so difficult—particularly in Great Britain—to apply sufficiently drastic anti-inflationary measures, measures which might cause temporary unemployment.

Following World War Two, repressed inflation was rampant all over Europe, with Germany as the worst case—the legacy of the Third Reich, which had set the example for all the world. Slowly, however, a nucleus of countries began little by little to restore monetary discipline and a free market economy. Switzerland became a model of sanity and normalcy. The first country to join Switzerland was Belgium (in 1946). It was followed in 1947 by Italy. Then, in the summer of 1948, Western Germany achieved the monetary and economic reform whose chief engineer was a great liberal economist of our time, Dr. Ludwig Erhard, the present Minister of Economy in the Bonn Cabinet. It is difficult to exaggerate the wholesome effects on all Europe of the spectacular German success. What followed is a remarkable story of recovery, stability, restored international order, economic freedom and prosperity. And the successes closely correspond with the measure in which collectivist inflation has been abandoned. If anyone still doubts the weight of experience, let him study first the German example and then the subsequent case of Austria where, under particularly difficult circumstances, the same cure brought about the same miracle.

Yet inflation is still with us, even in the countries whose wise policies we have just praised. Why?

To understand the situation, one has

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to make a clear distinction between two groups of countries. In the one group, we find what might be called a hot inflation. It may be an open inflation of the old-fashioned kind (as, for instance, in Chile or Turkey); or it may be (and in most cases is) a repressed inflation. In the other group, inflation is still hardly more than a somewhat dramatic term for the strain on the equilibrium between money and commodities—a strain which characterizes the dangerous phase of a boom with full utilization of productive resources, feverish investment activity and a top-heavy credit structure. This type of inflation we might call a cold inflation.

Inflation in the first group—hot inflation—is closely connected with deep-set disturbances of the economic order brought about by some measure of collectivism. It is a constitutional disease and, therefore, serious. Cold inflation, on the other hand, is only another name for an overdose of credit, within the framework of an essentially free and well-functioning market economy; by its very nature it does not differ from periods of recurrent "prosperity" throughout the whole history of capitalism. To be sure, contemporary cold inflation contains some highly disturbing features peculiar to our time and commanding our most serious attention; but we would lose our sense of proportion if we failed to differentiate strictly between the two kinds of inflation.

Totalitarian Economics

What we mean by hot inflation is most clearly demonstrated in the extreme case of the Communist sector of the world where this disease is endemic, notwithstanding all the ruthless efforts to repress it by the fearful machinery of the totalitarian state. There, inflation is the inevitable concomitant of the disorder of economic life caused by total planning and nationalization. If the strain becomes too great, that inflation is interrupted by one of the brutal "money purges"—after which the game goes on.

There is, unfortunately, another large area where hot inflation is rampant, although there collectivism is embedded in more or less "mixed" economic systems. This area includes the majority of the "underdeveloped" countries which seem unable to resist

. . . excessive wage claims in a time of "over-full employment" compel the monetary authorities to choose between inflation and unemployment. If they are reluctant to take the responsibility for unemployment, the wage-price spiral sets in. Given the contemporary emphasis on full employment, and the horror of even some measure of temporary unemployment, the danger is obvious that the continuance of full employment will be bought at the cost of continuous inflation.

the temptation to undertake investment programs far exceeding their economic capacity. Lacking sufficient capital aid from the West, this policy overstrains the national economy. The result is serious inflation, repressed by various sorts of controls, and manifesting itself, among other ways, in an upset balance of payments. This in turn leads to still tighter exchange controls and even more drastic import restrictions. It would in any case be hard to attract the aid of Western capital in sufficient amount, in view of the ambitious dimensions of so many development projects; but foreign capital is bound to be even further discouraged by the combination of nationalism, collectivism and inflation employed to enforce this economic growth.

Inflation will disappear from the Communist countries only with Communism itself. The underdeveloped countries, however, could surmount it if, on the one hand, their governments could find the courage and wisdom to adapt their development policies to national conditions and available resources, thus creating a climate attractive to foreign capital; and if, on the other hand, the present ways of supplying such capital could be improved. The kind of situation which such countries should avoid is exemplified by Turkey, which, despite laudable efforts to get away from excessive statism and to re-establish private enterprise, has recently caught a severe inflationary fever by trying to do too much. Peru, on the contrary, has shown what can be done to retrieve this error in a remarkably short time if the remedy is sought along the lines indicated above.

Among the industrial countries of the West, we find several economies which have also experienced a kind of hot inflation. I mean those European countries still in that phase of collectivist or repressed inflation from which others have so successfully emerged. The most significant trouble spots are Norway and Finland, and only to a lesser extent Sweden and Denmark.

In these countries the situation hardly differs from that in "underdeveloped" countries. In both cases, inflation is the inevitable outcome of an economic policy which tends to create more income, and to occasion more expense, than the available resources and the productive capacity permit without price rises. At the same time, a semi-collectivist system and the policies of the trade unions more often than not put a brake on productive capacity.

It is rather immaterial whether such a policy, constantly bending the economy near to the breaking point, is used to promote the development of an "underdeveloped" country or the aims of a socialist Welfare State in a developed Western country. All these countries fight inflation. But this fight can not succeed as long as the principles and institutions of the socialist Welfare State are not abandoned. This has grave international implications.

As long as those countries do not put an end to inflation, they will be unable to restore the convertibility of their currencies. If we include Great Britain in this group (and we should do so only with serious qualifications), and if we consider the decisive importance of Britain in any concerted international action, we shall understand why the great problem of restoring the convertibility of European currencies still remains unsolved, in spite of considerable progress. Europe continues to wait for Great Britain to make the first move; but Europe will wait in vain as long as British inflation has not been mastered. And the suspicion is growing that this will require more than a mere raise of the discount rate of the Bank of England. What hampers Britain and Europe is the impact of almost ten years of socialism on the British economy.

As for the "cold inflation" of the countries which are more and more alarmed by an overfed boom—including Switzerland and Western Germany as well as the United States—the problem is to ease the strain with-

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out causing a serious disequilibrium. Undoubtedly this is possible through the traditional means of central bank policies. But there are disturbing factors which make the outlook uncertain. One of these factors is the danger of constant inflationary impulses resulting from "full employment" and the abuse of the power of organized labor peculiar to our time.

The Wage-Price Spiral

The further the present boom goes, the greater will be the number of industries with more vacancies to be filled than unemployed ready to fill them. This "over-full employment" is today most pronounced in Great Britain. It cannot be maintained without further and further inflation. It is likely to set in motion the well-known wage-price spiral where excessive wage claims, no longer compensated for by a corresponding increase of labor productivity, result in higher prices—which, in turn, are used to justify further wage claims.

It would be wrong to think of this wage-price spiral as something that works automatically. Actually, it depends on the injection of additional money into the economy, to enable employers to pay higher wages without decreasing the number of workers, and consumers to pay higher prices without reducing the volume of their purchases. Failing such assistance from generous monetary authorities, the excessive wage claims to which full employment gives rise will (like any other excessive price) make part of the labor supply unsaleable, *i.e.*, produce unemployment.

In other words, excessive wage claims in a time of "over-full employment" compel the monetary authorities to choose between inflation and unemployment. If they are reluctant to take the responsibility for unemployment, the wage-price spiral sets in. Given the contemporary emphasis on full employment, and the horror of even some measure of temporary unemployment, the danger is obvious that the continuance of full employment will be bought at the cost of continuous inflation.

This danger should be combatted with the utmost vigor. There is a distressingly large number of cynics who invite us to accept the continuous full employment demanded by strong trade unions; and this monetary cynicism is a most alarming symptom of the present decay of fundamental standards in public policy.

The persistent inflationary bias of our time should be studied in all its numerous aspects — economic, social, political and moral. But there is no reason to despair of ever breaking the vicious circle. Some recent experiences in West Germany and Switzerland prove that it can be done.

For one thing, there is the relentless logic of the fact that it becomes more and more impossible to have, at the same time, full employment, monetary stability *and* continuous rounds of wage rises. One of these has to be abandoned. And even if we have a low estimate of human reason, we should not exclude the possibility of convincing workers that not only the public interest but their own demands the sacrifice of aims which have become mutually incompatible. And, indeed, workers of important firms in Switzerland and Denmark have reasonably decided that they prefer an end of the wage-price spiral to further increases in their pay.

It would, of course, be unwise to rely too much on such intelligent restraint. In the last analysis, a "bullish" condition on any market cannot be curbed for any lenth of time by persuasion. The really effective thing to do is to prevent over-full employment, and unhealthy boom conditions, by applying the brakes of money and credit policy—in time.

Ballade of Peace Conferences

Another dash of vodka? Shall we say
  Results have been achieved or shall we not?
Were all the blacks and whites a silvery grey
  When Mr. Kettle dined with Mr. Pot?
  The lake was cool, the Palace rather hot.
A strong contingent of the F.B.I.
  Remarked that if their delegate were shot
There'd be another Conference by and by.

So far, so good. The heads have gone away.
  The luckless tails are left to sweat and swot
At disentangling Deutschland, day by day,
  From eastern plot and western counter-plot,
  Or leave her like the famous wife of Lot
In Sodium Chloride with reverted eye,
  Still wondering what is which and which is what.
There'll be another Conference by and by.

Proof that you'll use no dark bacterial spray,
  Hide bombs or push lead pennies through the slot,
Involves for honest men immense delay
  With endless t's to cross and i's to dot.
  The Press, of course, will talk the usual rot.
Steel at the moment stands extremely high.
  Geneva is a most delightful spot.
There'll be another Conference by and by.

  Prince, there's a monster that is best forgot.
Its coils entangle earth and sea and sky.
  Who dares, who dares, to cut that Gordian knot?
There'll be another Conference by and by.

ALFRED NOYES

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Fear and Owen Lattimore

ALOISE HEATH

Owen D. Lattimore, who managed a few years ago to change the political map of the world with very little outside help, has begun a speaking tour. The tour began in Hartford, Conn., where—presumably because Mr. Lattimore is entitled to two or three times as many rights, civil and otherwise, as the average American—he got himself, as a sponsor, the Hartford Chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union.

Lattimore spoke to an unprecedentedly and unexpectedly large audience of 800. He might have slipped in and out of Hartford comparatively unnoticed had it not been for a highly publicized, highly fortuitous and—to the highly cynical—highly unlikely controversy which preceded his arrival. The Civil Liberties Union, in search of a fitting temple in which to present Mr. Lattimore, first approached (unofficially) the Board of the West Hartford Public Schools, but the Board refused, for reasons it did not go into, to furnish a hall. Whereupon Mr. Robert Satter, the chairman of the local chapter of the ACLU, approached the Phoenix Insurance Company, which gave permission to use the company auditorium.

The cause of Endangered Civil Liberties, of course, would have been well served if the Phoenix had simply turned down Mr. Satter's request. What actually happened was even better. Permission to use the hall was withdrawn either when (say the optimists) Phoenix's high brass learned who was to use their auditorium or when (say the pessimists) the brass learned who Owen Lattimore was.

From that moment on, in any case, the lecture was made. Hartford's two newspapers, which will go to the stake for the freedom of speech of anyone left of center, reported, re-reported, headlined, and editorialized upon the insurance company's cancellation as the result of "threats of pickets and possible violence." To be sure, the company refused to name, and investigation has failed to identify, the "threateners"; but Phoenix's Director of Public Relations could hardly have picked upon a happier phrase had he been Director of Public Relations for the Civil Liberties Union.

The overjoyed Mr. Satter exultantly announced his intention to sue the insurance company. The grounds of the suit are undiscussed and undiscoverable: breach of promise perhaps; certainly not alienation of affection, for Phoenix's naïveté was alone responsible for opening up the heart of the city to the martyred Lattimore.

Rev. Worley Offers Sanctuary

Hartford's small but ardently conscious political minority is thrillingly nonconformist, and, to a man, circled December 16 on engagement calendars as the night to hear Owen Lattimore, and to see, with luck, blood flow in the streets. The blood bath was to take place on the corner of Farmington Avenue and North Beacon Street, which is where the First Methodist Church of Hartford is located. The church was made available to the ACLU by the Reverend Lloyd F. Worley, whose sponsorship of some ten to fifteen pro-Communist organizations in the past made it possible for him to accept Owen Lattimore as a part of the day's work.

Mr. Satter, who said he had originally expected an audience of two or three hundred at the most, was surprised and pleased—though perhaps not too surprised—to welcome to the meeting over eight hundred dauntless defenders of freedom of speech and the Bill of Rights.

After Chairman Satter had paid the required obeisance to "the-fear-of-the-controversial-with-which-this-country-is-ridden," he introduced Owen Lattimore, as Lecturer in History at Johns Hopkins University, as sometime advisor to Chiang Kai-shek, as head of the first Reparations Mission to Japan, and as the holder of many other important offices. The Owen Lattimore who was a crucial figure in the Institute of Pacific Relations, and in *Amerasia,* was not mentioned, nor was there any need to mention him. Whom else had the audience come to hear?

Mr. Lattimore spoke on "Fear and Foreign Policy." As the evening wore on, it became increasingly unclear whether the "fear" referred to was 1) the United States' fear of following Owen Lattimore's foreign policy, or 2) Owen Lattimore's fear that the United States would not follow his foreign policy. It was very clear, however, that either 1) or 2) would precipitate an international catastrophe.

"The bloodthirsty search for scapegoats" which followed the collapse of Chiang Kai-shek has blanketed the United States with a pall of fear, Mr. Lattimore announced fearlessly. Our State Department, our diplomatic service, our intelligence officers, our writers, our scientists live in terror not only of being wrong, but, more particularly, of "being too accurately right, too soon." (This last, the speaker indicated with a roguish twinkle, was apt to be one of his own failings. In Mr. Lattimore's case, "being right too soon" seemed to amount to being *for* the downfall of Nationalist China *before* the downfall of Nationalist China.)

Prepared to continue to be right too soon, Mr. Lattimore snuggled cozily into the main theme of the evening: U.S. and UN recognition of Communist China, he said, is inevitable and desirable. It may take a while, he explained glumly, because nowadays not only official representatives of the United States Government are fear-ridden, but just simply everyone you can think of.

Today, however, even Lattimore finds it difficult to characterize Red China in quite the same way as a few years ago. He can and does call Mao's government "not a satellite" and "not a puppet," and "an ally of Soviet Russia in the good sense"; but he seems to realize that even those who attend his lectures are likely to giggle un-

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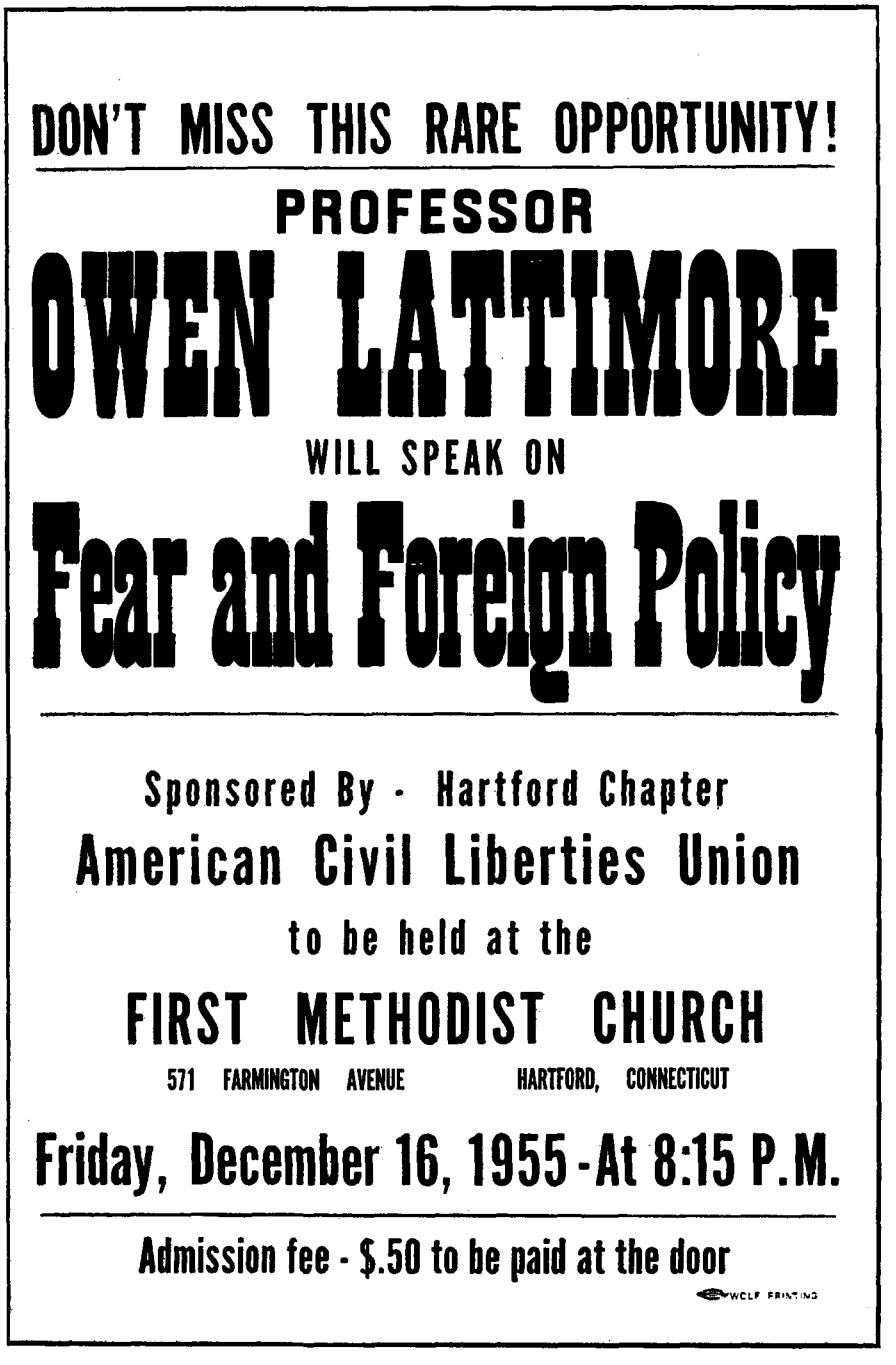
controllably when they hear mention of "peace-loving, agrarian democracies."

The former editor of *Amerasia* spoke in reasoned and temperate terms a) of the logical recognition, by the United States and by the world, of a government *per se*, and b) of the inability of Chiang Kai-shek, within the United Nations, to "speak for, represent and exercise the veto power in behalf of five hundred million Chinese." The audience murmured approvingly during Mr. Lattimore's pause for approving murmurs.

"Once a man has been attacked for his opinions," Mr. Lattimore warned his wide-eyed audience, "he is branded as *'controversial!'* " "At which point," he whispered darkly, "it becomes not only dangerous to *speak*, but dangerous *to listen!*" The shadow of the rack and the gibbet hung over the First Methodist Church, and the audience was horribly aware of it. Of the 800 present, some 790 Patrick Henrys folded well-manicured hands over well-filled bellies, and nodded significantly at the 789. No one need remind *them*, their gesture confirmed, of the peril in which they stood.

"Newspaper reports of this talk," continued Mr. Lattimore, "will show how far the Hartford press had succumbed to the climate of fear." But the next day, the Hartford press proudly showed Mr. Lattimore how fearless *it* is. At the height of Peronismo, *La Prensa* had nothing, but nothing, on the Hartford *Times* and *Courant*.


DON'T MISS THIS RARE OPPORTUNITY!
PROFESSOR
OWEN LATTIMORE
WILL SPEAK ON
Fear and Foreign Policy
Sponsored By - Hartford Chapter
American Civil Liberties Union
to be held at the
FIRST METHODIST CHURCH
571 FARMINGTON AVENUE HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT
Friday, December 16, 1955 - At 8:15 P.M.
Admission fee - $.50 to be paid at the door
WOLF PRINTING

Facsimile of poster advertising the lecture

Terrorists Abroad

But let no one suppose, especially not the ACLU, that the agents of conformity passed up the opportunity to strike panic in the hearts of the 800 candidates for martyrdom who paid fifty cents apiece for the chip which, defiantly, they placed on their shoulders. The Terror that Stalks the Streets surely stalked Farmington Avenue that night, and also North Beacon. The Hartford *Courant* reported that "five middle-aged women braved a temperature of 15 above zero last night to distribute anti-Communist literature before the Owen Lattimore lecture. Most passers-by cast a sympathetic eye upon the ladies, who were obviously suffering from the cold."

Independent research reveals that one of the terrorists, a maiden lady who hooks rugs as a hobby, suffered a severe chill as the result of her activities, and had to be taken home and given a hot toddy by her sister, a retired school teacher. Another terrorist, while handing out literature, was so flustered by a reporter that she told him she came from Bristol—a black lie: she is from West Hartford. The fourth vigilante, after sliding into the auditorium noiselessly, embarrassed herself to the point of tears by sneezing twenty-three times in rapid succession, with the result that everyone ended up spying on *her*. The fifth member of the group (myself), who had hitherto considered herself rather well-preserved at thirty-seven, came down with obviously psychosomatic laryngitis when she saw herself referred to in the paper next morning as a "middle-aged woman."

So much for the climate of terror through which Owen Lattimore groped his panic-stricken way in Hartford week before last. There is still time—a little time—for the free and the brave to join the American Civil Liberties Union.

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Foreign Trends . . . w.s.

The French Wake

Yes, *la malaise* will go on and France will somehow muddle through. And yet, the recent election has garishly illuminated the essential fact of Western weakness in Europe: France, the most civilized nation of the West, is also its sickest.

The election of January 2 did not, in itself, create or even expose new sores in the French body politic. Its two stunning results are the increase of Communist representation in the *Chambre* (from 93 to about 150) and the emergence of more than 50 Poujadist deputies. Yet the Communist vote is still no more, and no less, than 25 per cent of the total; and the De-Gaullists lost just about as many seats as the Poujadists gained. There are today, in other words, just about as many Frenchmen enamored of the Soviet Union, and of some vague ideas of staging a patriotic rebellion against the Fourth Republic, as there were yesterday—and four years before yesterday, and eight years before then. Frenchmen, it seems, are nowhere as immutable and stubborn as in their perversions.

So the recent election has simply reiterated the ancient basic statement about French politics: at least one out of every three Frenchmen despises the French political system. Secondly, the election has once more emphasized the most frightening fact of European politics: Moscow can rely on the voluntary and dedicated cooperation of every fourth adult in France (and Italy). Thirdly, the election has, once again, emphasized one of the fatal weaknesses of U.S. foreign policy which is based (incorrigibly, it seems) on a fictitious notion of foreign conditions in general, and French conditions in particular.

That almost 40 per cent of the French electorate despise their nation's political system has very little to do with economic distress: France was never so clearly the place for *la vie douce* as in 1955, when the country was more prosperous than at any time since 1930. Nor is Moscow's control over a crucial section of Western Europe a mere consequence of poverty and "social injustice." In France as well as in Italy, the Communist strength is centered in areas which have grown richer in the past few years, absolutely and relatively, than most other regions.

No, the fury of the Communist infection in France, and the deep-rooted revolt against the nation's political fate, cannot be explained by the theories advanced by our popular thinkers and the State Department. Each time the U.S. or, anyhow, the State Department repeats the mistake of identifying France with the dreary pragmatism of her political professionals, we seem to be in for a rude awakening.

As far as "Poujadism" is concerned, it is merely the latest manifestation of an eternal French condition—the latent readiness of the French middle class to explode. To the "optimistically" biased Anglo-Saxon observer, France is the bright epitome of the modern materialistic mind. But in the ancient closet of the French national family an extremely live skeleton keeps rattling with a peculiar agitation: a substantial part of the French nation is still not reconciled to the French Revolution—certainly not to the "rationalism", the egalitarianism, the modernism, the "progressivism" of the Second Republic. For the moment, that unending irritation of the French body politic may take on the rather silly texture of "Poujadism"; yet the Poujades come and go in France, but the fatal irritation stays. Since 1789, no other nation of the West has been so fatally divided against herself as France.

That is the scene into which Communism enters—for the kill. For, to an extent that surpasses the understanding of our State Department, Communism is especially intolerable in nations which, like France and Italy, are deeply divided against themselves. In France, specifically, *there can be no governing government so long as the Communist Party is legally tolerated*: with the nation so completely divided, the presence of an alien power (i.e., the Communist Party) in parliament *necessarily* prevents the country from being governed.

At last the French (or so one hopes) will face their specific reality: either they change the rules of the democratic game (i.e., outlaw the Communist Party) or they must stop playing it. For a while Faure and Pinay and Pinaud and Ramadier and Mendès-France may pass the time with tiresome little vendettas, as government after government is formed and overthrown.

Each time they change partners in their childish minuet, the magnetism of the mighty Communist bloc will prove more attractive for the ambitious and unprincipled pros (for instance, Mendès-France himself). And the Mendès clique may be thinking even now of a coalition government with the Socialists "tacitly supported" by the Communists. If they do, M. Mendès-France is even more suicidally a Dr. Benes than even we thought.

The President of the Soviet Union, Comrade Vorisholov, knew what he was doing when, in an open breach of international protocol, he congratulated the French Communists on their election victory: January 2, 1956, may yet prove a formative date in European history.

For, if the French continue to deem Communism entitled to the protections of democratic freedom (and continue to franchise a mighty foreign party), the Communists will — inescapably — take over the French government. If the French outlaw that foreign force, France may survive—and enjoy its eternal quarrels.

In either case, our State Department can not this time put off its long promised agonizing reappraisal. It simply can't go on as though France were our dependable ally. France isn't even her own ally. She is an immobilized society, penetrated by an alien power, clearly the broken link in the NATO chain, absolutely unable to fight a defensive war against a Soviet attack. And there is only one advice the U.S. can give France: move in on your Communists. If France does, the U.S. can do business with France. If she does not, the U.S. can share with such an immobilized France neither a military secret nor a faint hope.

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Unwelcome State Visitor

Italy's Leftist President, Signor Gronchi, is about to visit Washington, and the U. S. Ambassador to Rome, Mrs. Luce, is about to perform the most diplomatic job of her life; namely, to persuade official Washington that Signor Gronchi merits a friend's welcome—which is something Mrs. Luce patently does not believe herself. Signor Gronchi is, on the contrary, not only a "neutralist" but most likely the man destined to surrender the Italian Government to Signor Nenni (see "Foreign Trends," NATIONAL REVIEW of December 14, 1955).

The small group of principled Italian politicians who desperately fight the official Italian tendency to appeasement seem to have finally recognized that Signor Gronchi plays the leading part in the capitulation cabal. Last spring, when the Nenni Socialists voted him into the Presidency, Gronchi left no doubt that he will comply with the requirements of an "honest" politician and "stay bought." His first message to parliament made defiantly clear that "'a new epoch" had started with his election to the Presidency and, shortly thereafter, the magazine *Oggi* published Signor Gronchi's authorized opinion that "democracy could hardly be practiced in Italy without an active contribution from [Nenni's] Socialist Party." But the Italian constitution limits a President's power of political intervention, and so Signor Gronchi has to bide his time—until the incumbent government topples in a parliamentary crisis. If and when this happens, Signor Gronchi seems determined to use his constitutional privilege to the hilt and appoint a Prime Minister who will seek Signor Nenni's support.

In the meantime, Signor Gronchi delivers as much as he can. For example, he recently called an emergency meeting of Italian Ambassadors to all important Western capitals and told them that, "from now on," Italy's foreign policy will be "independent" (in Nenni's vernacular: anti-NATO and anti-American). Futhermore, Signor Gronchi expounded to his Ambassadors, European security by no means depends on the reunification of Germany (which, one will recall, was the position the Foreign Ministers of Great Britain, France and the U.S. took at the recent Geneva conference); rather, Italy's interests make Germany's current division between a Western rump republic and an Eastern Soviet satellite altogether viable.

Nor was Signor Gronchi satisfied merely with pro-Soviet meddling in Italy's foreign affairs. He jumped at every opportunity to advance Signor Nenni's (and thus the Communists') domestic position, too. For instance, he made it a point to address in person the forty-odd flatfoot apostles of domestic coexistence whom the appeasement-minded Minister of the Interior, Signor Tambroni, had put in the place of Scelba's tough anti-Communist Police Prefects. (See "Foreign Trends" of December 14, 1955.) The tenor of his speech was provocatively simple: the opinions and intentions of Communists are none of the government's and the police's business.

Italy's Communist Party has therefore engaged in a special Gronchi cult. The country's Communist press glorifies him and, with a considerable sense of humor, calls for *lèse majesté* procedures against anybody who dares utter a few critical words about the President of the "bourgeois" republic. The man against whom the Communist press currently concentrates its pro-Gronchi fire is the venerable Don Luigi Sturzo, the founder of Italy's Christian-Democratic Party. Sturzo, in cooperation with Scelba's small band of patriots, has introduced a series of questions in the Italian Senate which, if answered honestly, might have clarified Gronchi's conspirational role. Feeble Prime Minister Segni has of course not answered them honestly; but Nenni's and the Communist Party's press has fiercely demanded Sturzo's indictment for "insulting the head of state."

Of all this, not a word in America's "respectable" press. On the contrary, our "respectable" press is getting ready to welcome Signor Gronchi as a staunch friend of the West, a true and Christian democrat, a hero of Italian freedom. Mrs. Luce (who knows better) is advising the State Department on the most glamorous aspects of a State Visit to charm Signor Gronchi into greater firmness. One might just as well try to charm Signor Nenni himself, of course. NATIONAL REVIEW, at any rate, wants to join the welcoming committee for the President of the Italian Republic with three cheers for the Italian Republic but at most only one for its President.

Bonn Reddens

Dr. Adenauer's bold policy, and the less bold European policy of the U.S. were always based on this axiomatic article of faith: that Communism, as a *domestic* problem of Western Germany, can be safely discarded. And, indeed, one parliamentary election after another seemed to testify to the validity of the axiom: the Communist Party always remained in Western Germany a *quantité négligeable* of less than 5 per cent of the votes cast. But now—paradoxically at the peak of unprecedented German prosperity—the German Communist Party seems to emerge with truly frightening force in the very nerve centers of West-German society—the huge factories of the Ruhr. Recently, for instance, the Communists elected seventeen of twenty-five shop stewards in the gigantic Westfalenhuette A.G. in Dortmund, doubling their strength since last spring. Nor is this an isolated freakish development. All over the Ruhr, in one shop election after another, the Communists are growing most impressively in strength. The axiom is no longer valid. West Germany now *has* a domestic Communist problem.

Etc., Etc., Etc.

The Italians, only recently initiated into the UN, still have some difficulties in getting used to the wonders and perfections of international bureaucracy. "This," sighed the Italian *L'Espresso* a trifle confusedly, "is the list of international organizations set up to coordinate our transportation system: AIPCR, AIPCN, BDC, BIC, CCI, CECA, CEE, CEMT, CICE, CIT, ECITO, FRI, DRE, OTA, RIC, RIV, INTERFRIGO, ULITD, OECE, OIT, IRU AIC."

Thoughtful Italians, in short, seem to be getting apprehensive that their trains may soon again be arriving on time. But their apprehension would be unjustified. The most characteristic abbreviation applicable to the UN remains of course, SNAFU.

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THE LAW OF THE LAND

C. DICKERMAN WILLIAMS

Removal of Federal Employees: Sound Discretion and Constitutional Rights

Currently one frequently hears that the government security program deprives federal employees of their "constitutional rights." The implication by many commentators and columnists is that job rights of federal employees provided by the Constitution and respected since the days of the Founding Fathers are now being ignored; that, to get back to the Constitution, employees are entitled to "confrontation by witnesses" and full-scale trials as a condition of removal.

It can be said with confidence that, on the contrary, until the last few years it had never been suggested that federal employees had any constitutional rights whatever to their jobs. This is true, despite the frequency of the occasions on which federal employees might well have advanced the constitutional argument if it had the least substance.

The Court is silent on the subject of removal from federal employment. But the history of federal employee-removal policies and procedures provides a convincing practical construction.

During the first forty years of government under the Constitution, federal employee-removal procedures were entirely at the discretion of the appointing officer and, apart from a flurry during the Jefferson Administration, attracted little public attention. In 1829, as soon as he was inaugurated, President Jackson proceeded to remove federal employees wholesale and with great ruthlessness; his policy has been called "proscription" or the "proscriptive policy."

President Jackson is greatly admired by Professor Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., leading spirit in the ADA, an organization severely critical of present federal employment procedures. But Professor Schlesinger in his work *The Age of Jackson* shows no distress at his hero's policy; it was all right because, he says, it "contributed to the main objective of helping restore faith in the government." He does not suggest that employees received trials, and they did not.

Other historians have not been so indulgent with President Jackson. His policy has been called "tyrannical," "vicious" and "outrageous," but never "unconstitutional." An earlier academic champion of President Jackson, the late Professor Alexander Johnston, made that precise point. Professor Johnston conceded that President Jackson gave "at least an appearance of Caesarism. *But it was a strictly constitutional Caesarism, the restraints of the written law were never violated.*"

For decades the executive branch continued to remove federal employees at discretion and without any safeguards at all. This policy was vigorously opposed by civil service reformers. The question was an acute political issue. But these agitated reformers, although denouncing the policy of arbitrary removals on many grounds, never suggested that it was unconstitutional. Finally, after almost seventy years, President McKinley on July 27, 1897, issued an executive order forbidding removals except for cause and requiring that the cause be stated in writing. The order was silent as to trials and witnesses, but was immediately construed by the Civil Service Commission not to require them.

President McKinley's order was greeted with enthusiasm by the reformers and acclaimed throughout the country.

The next development was the Lloyd-La Follette Act of 1912.

In 1911 and 1912 Senator La Follette was needling the Taft Administration on a number of subjects, one of which was its treatment of federal employees, particularly postal employees. In consequence, federal employees supplied him with information as to the operations of the executive branch. Irritated, President Taft issued an executive order forbidding this practice. Senator La Follette was highly indignant, talked about constitutional rights, called the President's order a "gag," and proceeded to show his contempt for it by writing several thousand federal employees at their homes asking them to supply him with information as to hanky-panky going on within the executive branch. To button the thing up, Senator La Follette introduced a bill that the right of employees in the civil service "to furnish information to either House of Congress, or to any committee or member thereof, shall not be denied or interfered with."

While Senator La Follette was on the subject of federal employment, he decided to write into law protection against arbitrary removal. His bill therefore also provided the substance of President McKinley's executive order, adding expressly: "No examination of witnesses nor any trial or hearing shall be required."

The bill passed both Houses of Congress without a single dissenting vote and was approved by President Taft August 24, 1912. It is still the law, having been re-enacted in a slightly amended version in 1948 and approved by President Truman.

Thus a great champion of federal employees thought he was providing them with protection as late as 1912 by a removal procedure which expressly negatived the necessity for witnesses and trials. It is accordingly difficult to see how present procedures deprive federal employees of historic rights safeguarded by the Constitution.

It nevertheless should be said that, just as President Jackson's removal policy was unsound although constitutional, the present security program would appear to be working somewhat less than perfectly. In the last few years numerous instances of excessive zeal on the part of security officers have been highly publicized. Moreover, the government appears to be making no attempt to defend the program or to explain the instances of apparent maladministration of which the public continually hears. "Silence under accusation shows guilt unless under the circumstances a reply was not to be expected," as Dr. Robert M. Hutchins once wrote.

A persuasive reply to the charges against the program is, under present circumstances, definitely to be expected. Unless it is forthcoming the program will not last long.

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Hot Cargo

To the Kremlin, cooperation with other nations means territorial aggrandizement for the USSR. Look for a Soviet claim to sovereignty over all Antarctica

JERRY KLEIN

Two Soviet ships are at this moment racing toward the South Pole—carrying a cargo of possible trouble for the free world.

Supposedly, the Russians are taking peaceful part with eight other nations in a joint scientific expedition to learn more about the Antarctic. All the countries hope to set up observation posts on the ice in accordance with gentlemen's agreements made recently in Paris and Brussels. Their avowed purpose is to gather scientific knowledge cooperatively, unselfishly and without competing for any national advantage.

But once the Reds set up bases in the Antarctic Circle, don't be surprised if they inform us that Russia discovered the frozen continent and therefore has first claim on all its resources. The names to be given two Soviet bases near the South Pole are the possible tip-off to Moscow's intentions.

Just before leaving the Soviet Baltic port of Kaliningrad, Red explorer Mikhail M. Somov announced that the two Russian bases will be named Mirny and Vostok. Even if you understand Russian, the names seem innocent enough: Mirny means "peaceful" and Vostok means "east."

Admiral Lazarev

But these names have a deeper significance, too. They are the names of the flagships of Russian Admirals Faddei Bellingshausen and Mikhail Lazarev, who sailed around the Antarctic Continent more than a century ago.

On the basis of their voyage, the Soviet Union claimed a few years ago that it has "indisputable priority in the discovery of the Antarctic Continent." Today's revival of the names Mirny and Vostok indicate that Moscow has a neat propaganda plan for using the joint scientific expedition to renew Soviet claims on the Antarctic.

Soviet Fiction vs. Fact

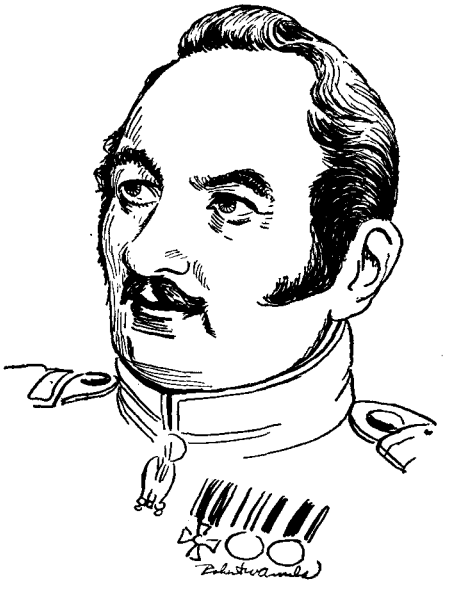
Separating fiction from fact, what was accomplished by Russian Admirals Bellingshausen and Lazarev, whom the Soviets call the "Columbus of the Antarctic"?

They left the port of Kronstadt in 1819 aboard their 500-ton sloops. (The Kremlin likes to forget that it was a czar, Alexander I, who approved naval ministry plans for the voyage.)

In January 1820, Bellingshausen and Lazarev reached their southernmost position, South Latitude 69 degrees, 21 minutes. (The Kremlin also likes to forget that in 1774 Britain's Captain Cook reached South Latitude 71 degrees, 10 minutes, the most southerly point attained by man in the eighteenth century.)

In January 1821 the Russians are said to have sighted the first land ever seen within the Antarctic Circle, an island named for Peter I. Later they supposedly discovered Alexander I Land.

The Kremlin said these feats "carried the flag of the Russian Navy to the ice floes of the Antarctic" and earned for the Soviets "indisputable priority in the discovery of the Antarctic Continent." But in doing so, Moscow ignored not only Captain Cook, but the earlier explorations of Yves Joseph Kerg-Tremarec and



Admiral Bellingshausen

Pierre Bouvet of France. Bouvet discovered the island which bears his name a full eighty years before the Russians even set sail for the South Pole!

America's first major exploration of the Antarctic came in 1838, although Congress had approved the voyage two years earlier. A flotilla of five small vessels was commanded by Lt. Charles Wilkes. (The United States, through the Byrd expeditions, is the only nation to have established substantial Antarctic bases for any lengthy period.)

The potentially tremendous resources of coal and oil which lie locked in the ice of the Antarctic are a fascinating attraction to the Soviet Union. So we may soon see the cold war extended to the already icy regions of the southern pole.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Hopeful Signs

An Englishman, a friend of mine, contemplating graduate study in America, recently talked with some Liberal American friends about his intentions. Where was he thinking of going? they asked. Why, my friend said, he was thinking of Georgetown, perhaps, or of Duke. The Liberals threw up their hands in horror. "Georgetown? But that's a *Catholic* university! Duke? But that's a *Southern* university!" In the Holy Liberal Inquisition, I need scarcely remark, to be either Catholic or Southern is somewhat worse than the Mark of the Beast. And the Holy Liberal Inquisition (I borrow the phrase from Dr. Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn) *dominates our educationist* hierarchy.

Yet some of the more encouraging tendencies in our Academy nowadays are to be discerned in Catholic and Southern universities and colleges.

Washington and Lee, for example, down in Lexington, Virginia, has been one of the most vigorous Southern universities in recent years, and one of the most enterprising centers for the revival of truly liberal education. President and dean have encouraged a policy of advancing intellectual standards, and the subsidizing of football has been abolished. Senior students may enroll in a program leading to an honors degree, involving a serious thesis and a comprehensive examination. An interesting curriculum in humanities, taught by Professors Myers and Fishwick and intended chiefly for seniors, includes courses in "ways of thinking," "American thought and civilization," and "development of ideas in Western civilization," conducted at a high level of interpretation and discussion. A series of seminars in literature, through which well-known critics are brought to the campus, is in its fifth year. The university consists of schools of arts and sciences, commerce and administration, and law; the enrollment for several years has been slightly more than a thousand students, and the university is able to select students from a large body of applicants.

Another active and truly intelligent Southern university is Emory, in Georgia. Among its recent developments is a new program of teacher-training, founded upon "one simple but fundamental conviction: that it is possible to blend general education and professional training in a plan of teacher education that is worked out in a liberal arts setting." No separate school of education has been established at Emory; instead, the program is supervised by a committee of professors drawn from the three divisions of humanities, natural sciences and mathematics, and social sciences. "We believe," the Emory scholars write, "that supervision of teacher education should be the business of faculty members whose backgrounds reveal general scholarship as well as technical competence." The contempt for "subject-matter" courses prevalent at many schools of education does not extend to Emory.

At Boston College

And the Catholic colleges are carrying on a work of educational reform of which too little notice is taken by state and Protestant institutions of higher learning. At Boston College an entirely new School of Education was established in 1955, handsomely housed in Campion Hall and intended to provide for the whole college education of the prospective teachers, as distinct from the College of Arts and Science and other colleges. The curriculum for the degree of bachelor of science in education is dominated by courses in traditional disciplines, rather than in methods of testing. Theology, philosophy, history, the arts, literature, and physical science are required for three-quarters of the students' program. The School's staff has been recruited from persons trained in regular scholarly disciplines, rather than from teachers of pedagogy. The dean, Father Donovan, states that Boston College intends to undertake teacher-training on a new model, in the hope of restoring the prestige and achievement of colleges of education.

A Hearing for Wisdom

If, then, America's colleges and universities are at present almost submerged by a deluge of students, still efforts are being made to restore coherence to the bewildering variety and complexity of higher education in this country. Two years ago, the president of a great Midwestern state university declared, unabashed, "There is no program of instruction to which we will not stoop if the public seems to desire it." A good many scholars and administrators, today, are of a different mind, feeling that the public requires guidance, not pandering. President Victor L. Butterfield of Wesleyan University recently expressed the misgivings of many at the drift of higher education:

> As an untutored but shrewd acquaintance of mine put it to me the other day, "Everybody's getting to be a college boy, and each one dumber than the next." With additional masses of students there will be an intensification of mass learning processes, of large lectures by means of loudspeakers, radio, and television, of more textbook learning, more objective testing and curve grading—an expansion of all the methods, in short, that make for the passive, regurgitated learning that does so little to stimulate positive curiosity and creative thought.

Some years ago, Alfred North Whitehead wrote in his *Aims of Education* that the ancient philosopher aspired to teach wisdom, but that the modern professor aspires only to teach facts. Even bare facts seem to be ill-taught in the majority of American colleges and universities now; yet the courageous endeavors of certain conservative reformers give promise that wisdom may get a hearing once more. And I shall not be sorry to witness the chagrin of the Holy Liberal Inquisition if liberal learning is notably resuscitated at Southern and Catholic institutions. What Burke called "a liberal understanding" counts for very little today at many of our Northern, secularistic, "progressive" colleges. But though liberal learning is as lean as Lazarus, I think it is crawling forth from the sepulchre where the Deweyites thought they had buried it.

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ARTS and MANNERS

WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

Several friendly readers have complained that under the pretext of criticizing our civilization, I criticize our civilization. They have complained, that is, that I "never praise"; that I never find anything I can be for; and, to punish me for many a sin I have yet to commit, one reader even complained, that I am "not constructive." That last one did it. Of all the clichés that pain the soul, and cause indigestion, none hurts so badly as that of "not being constructive." I decided to give battle.

There are, in the first place, many things I am for, and I have praised them on previous occasions. I am, to summarize in a hurry, absolutely in love with able clowns, blithe actresses, unpretentious farce, authentic music, exuberant dance, the poetry of whimsical words and thoughtful words and words spoken in the abandon of love. I am in love with Jimmy Durante, and George Gobel, Miss Claudette Colbert (which, I am afraid, dates me), *Arsenic and Old Lace*, Mozart, Fred Astaire and Antonio, in love with some Limericks and Clerihews, with Dostoevsky and the wonders of *Twelfth Night*. Such marvels I have praised, and shall praise again; and it won't help me a bit, because to praise gets a critic in even hotter trouble than "not to be constructive." The confession that I love Jimmy Durante, for example, cost me the respect of three men and two women who up to that point were perfectly willing to consider me civilized. And a public endorsement of *Twelfth Night* got me a very bad press, as it clearly indicated (it seemed) that I was bearish on contemporary writers, and a poor sport to boot, betting only on races already run. Still, I shall praise again. But I won't be pushed. I won't above all, praise before the event, just to be "constructive." And thereby hangs an argument.

There is, of course, no use denying that, in looking at arts and manners, I am about twenty times more often disgusted that I am pleased. This, I should say, is precisely why NATIONAL REVIEW was started: having taken a long and thoughtful look at our society, we concluded we didn't like the way it looked. Had our considered impression been only slightly less negative, we would have stayed on *Time* and *Life*, or sought jobs on *Look* and *Click* and, in general, we would have happily conformed with the forces that make our society look the way it does.

For, obviously, the reasonable course of men who, on the whole, and though they may feel displeased with some undercurrents, enjoy their social climate, is to hire themselves out to the old and successful skippers. Such men may want to think that they will improve the vessel a bit, and make the cruise even more pleasant; but they'll never go to the trouble of building a new skiff and going out on an untried journey. Yet this is the proper and reasonable course for men who, though they may very much like certain of its aspects, are in broad disagreement with their environment.

We are such men. This is why we started NATIONAL REVIEW. The old and successful skippers, we found, did not know where they were going; their listless crews did not care; and the huge clientele was being taken for a purposeless trip. And where do such barren conditions show more monumentally than in arts and manners? In arts, a society celebrates its essence and its destiny; in manners, it pays homage to its own dignity and its inherent worthiness. Thus, arts deteriorate in our society and manners disappear. This is as it must be. For dedication and reverence have gone; and Mass Man is celebrating himself.

This is why Broadway is such an ugly desert, TV the horror it is, the movies a boring catastrophe, "new" music and painting this tortured emptiness, the marketable novel a tease and the *avant garde* a fraud. Shall I not say so? Shall I, as Mr. Brooks Atkinson does in the *New York Times*, discover a new Shakespeare every Broadway season and prettify each miserable flop? Shall I, to be constructive, drop my standards?

A society can probably live (and quite likely very happily) without critics. But I would say that a society whose critics are "constructive" is bound to rot. In the Periclean Age, the Brooks Atkinson of the Athens Times must have been even sterner than the critic of NATIONAL REVIEW. Contrariwise, the critical departments of today's press read like scrap books of a brazen camaraderie: everybody loves everybody (except, of course, the nonconformist), and anything goes. For what is truth? And what beauty?

Now I think I know what is truth, and what beauty. And before the reader gets angry with such arrogance he had better think twice: would it not be the ultimate and truly unpardonable arrogance if a man did *not* think he knew what truth and beauty were—and yet set himself up as a critic? But to be informed on truth and beauty is to be spoiled for compromise. A critic who settles for "what can be had" should have stayed in bed. And one who praises contemporary creativeness simply because "there's something creative in every generation" should have become a politician.

And to testify for me, I shall now call on a witness who, politically, lives on the other side but, being a true master, can neither lie nor compromise when he speaks of art. I shall call on Pablo Casals, a pathetically confused Liberal —and still the world's greatest cellist, still one of its loveliest music-makers. A few weeks ago, a Swiss journalist interviewed him about modern music. "There is nothing authentic in it," said Casals, "no integrity." Arnold Schoenberg, Casals then recalled, once told him he was trying to find out what was "on the other side of the medal we call music": he, Schoenberg, wanted to discover the elements of a new musical form. "Poor Schoenberg!" exclaimed Casals, "he got caught in his own net. He could not find the new musical form because what he found was no music. But his many adherents and simulants took his word and pretended a new music had indeed been found."

Thus spake Casals; for there is music in him and, therefore, truth and beauty. He cannot drop his standards, not even to comply with the prescriptions and commands of his Liberal *Weltanschauung*. But my standards are perfectly attuned to mine. Shall I drop them just to be "constructive?"

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Before Their Streaming Eyes

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

What is it that makes a book? Does just *anything* make a book?

Yes, Messrs. Edward R. Murrow and Fred W. Friendly, editors of the book version of *See It Now* (Simon and Schuster, $4.95), we are speaking to you.

You are terrific names in radio and television—fearless souls who go where the bombs are falling, and sometimes the governments. You hate greed, race prejudice, browbeating and everything that is certified as hateful; you love Carl Sandburg's love for Abe Lincoln. But when the unexceptionable things come out pure Norman Corwin—or, as Bernard De Voto put it, just a collection of character voices typed so that they could be instantly identified at the first syllable—they do get devalued in the process. Love is not love which alters when it alteration finds, and love is not love when it must be arranged before the camera in Korea. For example:

Does it make a book to tell about Christmas in Korea when the sum total of a front-line conversation with Private First Class Hendrickson, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, is that he uses the television sound-track over miles of ocean to say "Hi, honey" to his wife? Sure, it's nice he could speak to his wife. It may even have gotten a laugh in a thousand living rooms. But *is* it worth a book?

Does it make a book to tell us about an argument in Indianapolis over the question of renting a hall to the American Civil Liberties Union? Well, maybe it *could* make a book, and I'm all for letting anybody hire a hall any place, any time. But certain things are pertinent to any book argument about the Civil Liberties Union. For instance, I've wondered why they take up some cases and not others. But there's precious little about the controversial aspects of the Civil Liberties Union here, so the real animus in back of the argument in Indianapolis never comes into focus. The *camera* focuses, but the intellectual, moral and cultural issues —well, hardly ever, as Gilbert would have said to Sullivan.

Does it make a book to put a McCarthy Committee witness on the stand as a horrible example of persecution when the text obviously proves that Annie Lee Moss was respectfully, even indulgently and amiably, treated, with reasonable proof at the end that it was all a case of mistaken identity and no one's fault, not even the reprehensible, oh so hateful, Joe's?

Does it make a book to converse with Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer and not raise the question of a scientist's duty to be intelligent about political things before giving money to support political causes? Does it make a book to let Oppenheimer talk about the absolute futility of secrecy when there are palpably shades and degrees to the subject? For example, a good argument can be made that it is futile to be secretive about physical formulae, or even technical know-how. These secrets can't be locked up, for the precondition of their discovery is known to scientists everywhere. But a secret about the *intention* of a government in war time, or even in cold war time, is a different thing.

Does it make a book to go thousands of miles to interview Nehru of India, when all that Nehru has to say is that Moscow and Peiping have a friendly relationship, or that China is very big (Noel Coward once said the same thing), or that nations should practice non-aggression and non-interference in each other's affairs? Sure, Moscow and Peiping have a friendly relationship (that's what all the worry is about). Sure, China is very big (the better to eat you, Nehru, my dear). Sure, nations should not aggress or interfere with their neighbors, but who's aggressing against whom, anyway? Does the U. S. in 1956 treat Mexico the way Russia treats Hungary or Bulgaria? Have the U. S. and Canada jointly invaded Denmark to partition Iceland? We get oil from Arabia, but do we kill, maim and imprison Arabs in the process, or do we put up a certain amount of cash on the barrelhead? We freed the Philippines, but has the Kremlin freed Poland? Nehru says he did a lot of thinking when he was in jail, but he apparently never discovered that an abstraction should have a correspondence of sorts to the material from which it is drawn.

Is it worth a book to bring General George Catlett Marshall before an audience without asking him a single blessed question about China? Or about the theory that Mao Tse-tung and Chiang Kai-shek might have supped from the same bowl of rice? Or without talking about the nonsense of fighting a war in Europe to unconditional surrender without formulating any political aims other than reducing Germany to rubble? Is it worth a book to have Sir Anthony Eden tell us that General Marshall reminds him of Robert E. Lee?

Come to think of it, this last is a most interesting observation. Lee represented a lost cause. Lee acknowledged that he had lost, and retired to teach school. Maybe Marshall represents a lost cause, depending upon whether the totalitarians get us after all. But he has never acknowledged anything, and instead of teaching school, he went to China.

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"See It Now" may have made what the trade calls good television; and it certainly made dangerously effective television. The "Report on South Africa" gives some good elementary information, the visit to Carl Sandburg's goat farm in Carolina results in some interesting quotations from and about Lincoln. But Mr. Murrow's techniques of television don't transfer to the printed page.

Why? Well, for one thing, the interviewer must establish amicable relations with his protagonist before a thing can happen. This precludes anything smacking of criticism. The business of covering raw reality somehow becomes a business of having pleasant drawing room manners vis-à-vis your friends, and catching your enemies when they are scowling. Give-and-take disappears, and the critical spirit evaporates completely. (Not that Mr. Murrow is cut out to be a critic, anyway.)

So "See It Now" is not worth a book. Not unless *anything* makes a book. But what the hell, it will sell. "A picture is worth a thousand words." Particularly in an age that doesn't know how to communicate shades of meaning any more.

Serious Novel, Simple and Sincere

The Spider's House, by Paul Bowles. 406 pp. New York: Random House. $3.95

There has been a common pattern in the North African novels and stories of Paul Bowles, and *The Spider's House* is a heroic attempt to break away from it. The pattern is one in which sophisticated or civilized Europeans and Americans are hypnotized by the violent directness of native life, and drawn into it to their destruction. The French professor in one of the stories in *The Delicate Prey* wants to find out if a native sect is as dangerous as it is said to be, wanders among them a short distance from his hotel, like a tourist shopping for curios, and has his tongue cut out. The American girl in *The Sheltering Sky,* in somewhat the same mood, is kidnapped and assaulted by relays of camel drivers.

These works were shockers; they expressed an intense hatred of the obtuse and subtly patronizing ignorance of the Westerners, and a grim, I-told-you-so detachment with respect to the brutality of the Arabs. Their melodrama was made plausible by the disorder of the region, rather than by their internal motivation. And, like Faulkner's *Sanctuary,* they gave the impression of being conscious attempts on the part of the author to write popular thrillers—pretty effective attempts, real thrillers in all respects except in the sense that they always seemed designed to be thrillers.

The Spider's House, by contrast, is a serious novel, with a simplicity and sincerity that readers who know only Bowles' earlier works will find surprising. The exploitation of sex and violence for their own sake is absent, and the sustained attempt to get inside the identity of a young native, not in order to show him having a love affair with a Christian girl but just to show him as himself, is in itself almost enough to make the novel unusual. There is an American girl in *The Spider's House,* a former employee of UNESCO in Paris, knocking around Morocco in the midst of the riots, with a thin element of outmoded mystery in her makeup, and much genuine stupidity, helplessness and bewilderment. But she is not raped, kidnapped or tortured, nor does she have a love affair with Amar.

The background of the novel is Fez, a center of resistance to French rule, preserved as a *monument historique* by the French, a city of 200,000 without a modern building, with Lyautey's new city built outside its walls—the ancient capital of western Islam in the fourteenth century, when it contained 785 mosques, 472 mills and 9,000 shops, a city of lattice-covered streets, washed by the waters of its 60 springs, exaggeratedly ancient and decrepit, with tunnels and alleys of mud and straw, flies swarming over piles of fish heads and manure, and groups of glum-faced French police patrolling past its architectural masterpieces.

The hero of the novel is Amar, the son of Si Driss, who traces his descent from the Prophet, and is thus, irrespective of wealth or political influence, a Chorfu, one of the true nobility and aristocracy of the country—a type particularly abundant in Fez (in itself a holy city) as a result of the manipulation of dubious genealogical tables. The religion of Amar and his family is a strained and embittered form of fundamentalist Islam, a reaction against cultural decay, frustrated and spasmodic in its manifestations, at the opposite pole from the warlike fundamentalist movement that Ibn Saud managed to channelize in Arabia against the modernist religious rulers of Mecca. Amar's fundamentalism is conducive to apathy, dreams, visions of past glory, fitful violence, a part of an all-encompassing hatred of everything modern, especially everything French.

Through patient attention to Amar's doings—his room with its broken alarm clock and its picture of a celebrated Moroccan soccer player, his fight, well-nigh lethal, with one of his friends, his blundering into a nest of native conspirators, with the result that he faces extermination from both the French and the terrorists—Bowles has achieved a kind of perspective on his central figure, who is equally detached from the patter of the Marxists and that of the native politicians, and has made him a symbol of the people. A strong residue of common sense, agility, a quick intelligence, a latent friendliness, a yearning for some kind of respect or position compatible with his view of his past and a sense of his potentialities, give him such stature that the colonial policy of the French emerges from the book as literally insane. His view of the rebellion is elemental: "It was not independence they wanted; it was a satisfaction much more immediate than that: the pleasure of seeing others undergo the humiliation of suffering and dying, and the knowledge that they had at least the small amount of power necessary to bring about that humiliation. If you could not have freedom you could still have vengeance, and that was all anyone really wanted now."

The sociological reality of Amar, however, is achieved at considerable expense. He is in the midst of violence throughout the book, and his significance as well as his mental processes are established in essay-like discussions while he is watching murders committed, or climbing over housetops to escape the police, evading a fiendish double cross from the terrorists, and pathetically latching onto the Americans (who take the first oppor-

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tunity to ditch him). His story seems to demand precisely the non-committal narrative melodrama that Bowles previouly devoted to interracial amours and murders. It is impeded all along the way with explanations, generally well phrased, though somehow always lacking in finality or authority. In addition, the American character, a novelist, seems to have no business being there at all: he is merely a more sympathetic figure in Bowles' gallery of tourists and expatriates hypnotized by a concept of primitive freshness and vitality. Bowles' striving for balance and perspective has resulted in patient, or even labored, spelling-out of Amar's story. The same striving has removed from this book the melodrama of his earlier works, in which Americans and Europeans are just drawn into the whirlpool. Here they are plain dumb: far from being pulled by some D. H. Lawrence-like appeal of the primitive, they merely haven't sense enough to get out.

It may be that the fact that Bowles is writing for Americans like the American girl in this book accounts for the excessive detail about Amar's motives and reasoning. And it may be that, without the American novelist in the story to provide the point of view, the picture of French policy would be over-simplified.

ROBERT CANTWELL

The Blind Spot

Democracy in World Politics, by Lester B. Pearson. 123 pp. Princeton: Princeton University Press. $2.75

Why does a man of Lester Pearson's intelligence, experience and sincerity misread the lessons of the past? Why does he defend or advocate courses of action which outrage the basic principles he professes? Apparently for two reasons: reluctance to define the meaning of loosely used popular words and inability to grasp the significance of Communism.

In his preface Mr. Pearson complains that he has never been able to find or fashion a satisfactory definition of Democracy. Yet he blandly asserts that "however democracy can be defined, we feel its true meaning deep inside us even when we cannot express it." Does he suppose that Mr. Molotov privately agrees with him about the true meaning of democracy, and merely puts on an act when he lambastes the nations of the Western world in public?

Toward the end of his book Mr. Pearson writes: "The more I see of the policies and processes of governments, the more remarkable it seems to me that serious and intelligent men could ever have brought themselves to propound or accept the doctrine of historical determinism in any of its forms." This passage does not specifically refer to Communism, but it does seem to imply that the Communist chiefs of today—being presumably intelligent men—may not take determinism seriously. At any rate, he is consistent in minimizing the importance of understanding the Communist philosophy when he suggests that "a study of the lives and times of Russian czars and Chinese emperors is . . . as valuable for the understanding of our difficulties with Moscow and Peking as an expert knowledge of dialectical materialism."

Mr. Pearson believes that only men whose intellect has lost its moral bearings can believe in historical determinism. Despite all indications, he cannot bring himself to think so ill of the Communists. So, echoing the arguments that were used twenty years ago to justify the West's surrenders to Hitler and Mussolini, he goes all out to conciliate the Communists. They all ought to be in the United Nations because the United Nations is "a symbol of the community of nations and peoples" and "provides in its Charter a set of principles and a code of ethics which member governments have promised to observe." But the sad fact is that Communist governments—whether members or not—do *not* observe them. Leaving aside the debatable question of whether they are peace-loving according to Article 4, their practice is a continued rejection of Article 1, which sets forth the purposes of the organization. Albania, for instance, is flouting international law by refusing to observe the peace treaty which it has signed and by failing to carry out a judgment of the International Court of Justice which obliges it to pay damages for an act of aggression. Yet Mr. Pearson champions its admission to the UN (now an accomplished fact), while insisting that it must be made clear that aggression does not pay. But then he claims that aggression has not paid in Korea either.

Mr. Pearson believes that "the greatest danger of misunderstanding between men of different civilizations lies in the misapprehension of motives." But his failure to recognize that Communist action is motivated by the philosophy of historical determinism has brought this danger on his own head. Apart from this basic error, however, the book contains much that is sound and valuable, notably the critical condemnation of President Roosevelt's conduct of foreign affairs on the grounds that it destroyed our chances of a reasonable peace, and the treatment of some of the difficulties in the management of foreign policy that are peculiar to our political system and situation.

HUBERT MARTIN

Fact and Value In a Mish-Mash

The Decline of American Liberalism, by Arthur A. Ekirch, Jr. 401 pp. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $7.50

What distinguishes this book from so many recent discussions of the American political tradition is the obvious sincerity and passion of Arthur Ekirch's love for individual liberty and hatred for the Leviathan state. On this most important of issues he is uncompromisingly on the side of the angels.

It is not, in fact, with "the decline of American liberalism," but with the decline of American liberty that Mr. Ekirch is really concerned. By attempting, however, to discuss the much more complex question of liberalism as a historical movement, with its ambivalent attitude toward the individual and the mass, he is drawn into areas of great difficulty, where his thought has patently lagged behind his instinct. As a result the book he has produced is muddled and self-contradictory.

Mr. Ekirch begins with a manful effort to define liberalism in terms of individual liberty, limited government and a free economy; but within a few pages he is caught up in the egalitarian, majoritarian, and welfarist accretions to the essential libertarian core of liberalism. He recog-

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nizes "the obvious contradictions between liberalism in its classic and its modern form." Modern liberalism is anathema to him, but he cannot grasp the cause of liberalism's development into collectivism, because—despite his occasional insights into the non-liberal character of Jacksonian populism or Progressive reformism—he refuses to define clearly his central concept of liberty and use that as a standard to judge political and social developments.

Partly he seems to be himself still too preoccupied with concepts of egalitarianism and the improvement of the masses to judge the pretensions of the champions of "the people" as he does those of "privilege." And partly, he is the victim of the positivist training of the contemporary historian, which inhibits him from clearly and distinctly establishing moral values and applying them to history. The result is the merging of fact and value in one cloudy mish-mash. Displaying the dilemma of the social scientist as Richard Weaver describes it, "he can neither use his terms with the simple directness of the natural scientist pointing to physical factors, nor with the assurance of a philosopher who has some source for their meaning in the system from which he begins his deduction."

Unable or unwilling to judge the "decline of American liberalism" by standards philosophically derived, and yet morally and emotionally convinced of the evils of the collectivist liberalism of today, he finds the sole demon of that decline in war. Failing altogether to consider what the alternatives to warfare might mean for liberty, he castigates the state for fulfillment of its most legitimate function, the defense of the lives and property of its citizens. The reader is left with the implied conclusion that, were war somehow always to be avoided, liberty would never be in danger.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Ekirch's love of liberty will lead him further and that his studies will free him from the pragmatic liberal tradition, which makes him depend upon such authorities as Parrington, Curti, Hofstadter, Eric Goldman, and the reports of the TNEC for the foundations of his historical analysis, as it enables him to swallow whole Barth and Commager and the junior Schlesinger when he deals with treason and subversion in the present. There are too few men of his spirit today; it is sad to see him bogged down in the tired fag-end of that tradition. FRANK S. MEYER

Symbol of Doom

A Night to Remember, by Walter Lord. 209 pp. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $3.50

Mr. Lord reconstructs, so far as possible, what actually happened on the night in 1912 in which the *Titanic* became the unforgettable symbol of a world which was rushing to its own doom with the same tragic blindness and arrogant hubris with which the great steamer hurled herself against the ice. In these pages we witness the disaster of the *Titanic,* from its inception in the folly of experts to its culmination in the gallant gesture of gentlemen who attired themselves in evening dress to await death with calm dignity. The world that died a few years later somewhere on the fields of France, where the West maimed itself in fratricidal war, was a world of implicit faith in the supremacy of the white man's civilization, the permanence of traditional standards of honor and decency, and the certainty of unlimited progress—an era to which our contemporaries are beginning to look back with hopeless nostalgia. All that is left to us of that world of lost illusions is a few phrases, now empty and meaningless, which are regularly mouthed in the chancelleries of London, Paris and Washington, where the successors of statesmen, smitten by the deadly sickness of mind and will that is called Liberalism, chatter incoherently on the bridges of their sinking ships. REVILO OLIVER

Pink Pills Won't Do

The Political Economy of American Foreign Policy, by W. Y. Elliot, Chairman et al. Report of Study Group Sponsored by Woodrow Wilson Foundation and The National Planning Association. 397 pp. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $6.00

Although *The Political Economy* is a collective work, it successfully avoids the stylistic pitfalls of compendiums, and reads like a unified book not a pastiche of repetitious and otherwise unsynchronized papers. Moreover, it is readily comprehensible by the layman, and is so at no serious sacrifice of scientific rigor. Finally, it is earnest and objective in spirit, and clearly the work of men deeply devoted to the highest interests of the United States. Most of the unfavorable criticisms that occur to me relate, therefore, to questions of emphasis.

The book's introduction takes note of three basic challenges to American foreign policy: a) Communist imperialism; b) the "as yet uncommitted nations" (quoting A. J. Toynbee) of Asia, Africa and Latin America; and c) "the most serious of all, the West's own internal problems. Part I of the book is termed "diagnosis," and is devoted to delineation, and analysis of these "challenges." Part II is termed "prescription," and suggests patterns of response that the authors feel could be adopted hopefully by the West. All in all, Part I is more satisfactory than Part II. But this is due to the nature of the problem rather than deficiencies on the part of the authors.

From roughly 1830 to 1914, the international economy was characterized by an expanding volume of trade within the monetary structure known as the international gold standard. Trade, as the authors correctly state, was growing in "calculability and automaticity." Rightly or wrongly, however, Western countries came in the interwar period to demand increasingly autarchic control of monetary affairs and refused to play according to the "rules" of the gold standard—concrete, by adopting counterbalancing domestic policies in re-

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sponse to movements of gold across national boundaries. (The American sterilization of gold inflows in 1923 is often cited as the most important single event leading to departure from the antebellum system.) Such controls expanded during and after the second world war, and are currently best represented by the refusal of many nations to permit their currencies to have their dollar price determined in the international money market. And the result is the notorious "dollar shortage."

The authors well describe the relentless regression towards the economics of the seventeenth century that has come to feature the postwar international economy. They seem, however, to confuse this regression with an alteration in the relevant principles of international economics. As the most serious instance of this error, we may note their ascribing the dollar shortage in part to "superior American technology." After all, David Ricardo made clear in 1817 that trade was mutually profitable even if one of the traders was *absolutely* superior in all goods being traded. And his principle of comparative advantage should not be discarded merely because of its simplicity.

The authors do make clear, however, that most of the West's problems stem from misguided interference with the free market, whether in domestic production, as in France, or in the international money market, as in almost all of Europe. Their judgment is that our allies will simply not find it politically feasible to correct these maladjustments. And nothing in the history of recent years, certainly, challenges this conclusion.

The authors' prescription essentially follows the Randall Commission report and, while it does not offer much hope for the curative effects of investment in underdeveloped countries in the short run, it expresses vague hopes for superior longer-run results. They recommend as much regional integration as possible. The countries to be integrated, they assume, are unlikely to submit to the discipline necessary for a true international economy.

The trouble is that the dismal logic of the cold war requires that the political economy of American foreign policy be more political than economic. Our policy measures, in consequence, are doomed to remain feeble and *ad hoc* so long as world-wide opposition to the free market remains a powerful influence. Perhaps the recent success of monetary "orthodoxy" without direct controls presages a reversal of this trend. In any case, the diagnosis presented by *The Political Economy* convincingly reveals a global economic disease, largely psychoneurotic, too serious to be cured by their own prescription, which calls for a pink pill. M. L. BURSTEIN

Reminiscing Ghost

Cross My Heart, by Frank Scully. 378 pp. New York: Greenberg Publisher. $5.00

Frank Scully, currently best known for his controversy with the Air Force over the phenomena which the ancient Romans called *clipei ardentes* and which modern Americans call flying saucers, presents in this volume a series of reminiscences. The main tones are the physical suffering that he has long borne with exemplary fortitude, and the persons (including Frank Harris) for whom he acted as a "ghost writer" *before* 1933. R. P. O.

Dull World War

U. S. S. Paradise, by Hawes C. Harris. 237 pp. New York: Comet Press Books. $3.00

Few story subjects appeal so directly and powerfully to the human imagination as the plight of the man who, alone or with a few companions, has been cast ashore on an uninhabited island in uncharted seas. A hundred romances, as various as *Robinson Crusoe,* Verne's *Mysterious Island,* and Neville's *Isle of Pines,* have been devoted to this perennially fascinating theme, but this latest addition to the series will not be long remembered. The author's mediocre and often faulty prose makes even a verdant isle in the far Pacific seem drab. The three men and three women who are cast ashore on it are chiefly remarkable for an unfailing ability to remain commonplace in the most extraordinary situations. Their isolation is terminated by the Third World War in 195-, but in these pages even war is dull. R. P. O.

To the Editor

My subscription started with Number 5 of your altogether wonderful new publication. I devoured every word eagerly. My sole disappointment was when I turned the final page and realized that I'd have to wait a week for the next issue.

I'm not one to write fan letters. Almost never do; but I felt that I had to let you know how heartwarming it is to have — at long last — "A Weekly Journal of Opinion" that expresses a viewpoint that is conservative without "stuffiness," patriotic without phoney sentimentality, and militantly anti-Communist without apology. . . .

New York City WILLIAM KEENE

I enjoyed reading "The Southern Breakthrough" in your issue of December 21. The author presents interesting information.

The article contains one statement that is not strictly accurate. The Southern Democrats did break party lines, but it cannot be said that they threw the election to the Republican candidate. Mr. Eisenhower received enough electoral votes from the Northern states to have gained the Presidency without any help from the South. . . .

The vote in the two parties indicates that a large number of persons voted in 1952 who did not have sufficient interest in the election to go to the polls in 1948. The majority of these persons voted for Eisenhower. . . . Although some of the worst features of the Washington mess are being eliminated, the independent voter is not satisfied with the progress that has been made in protecting our constitutional form of government. . . .

Lincoln, Neb. H. CLYDE FILLEY

I waited and watched to see if the first issue was too good to be true. It wasn't.

What wonderful departments—"The Ivory Tower," "From Washington Straight," "The Liberal Line" . . . the book reviews. Senator McCarthy writes forcefully and wittily, and has given us the most quotable line of the year: "For the worst Secretary of State in American history, it [his book] is only a minor failure."

Best of all, the marvelous idea of awarding a prize to college students for reporting on classroom politics.

Flemington, N.J. MRS. M. G. KINNAIRD

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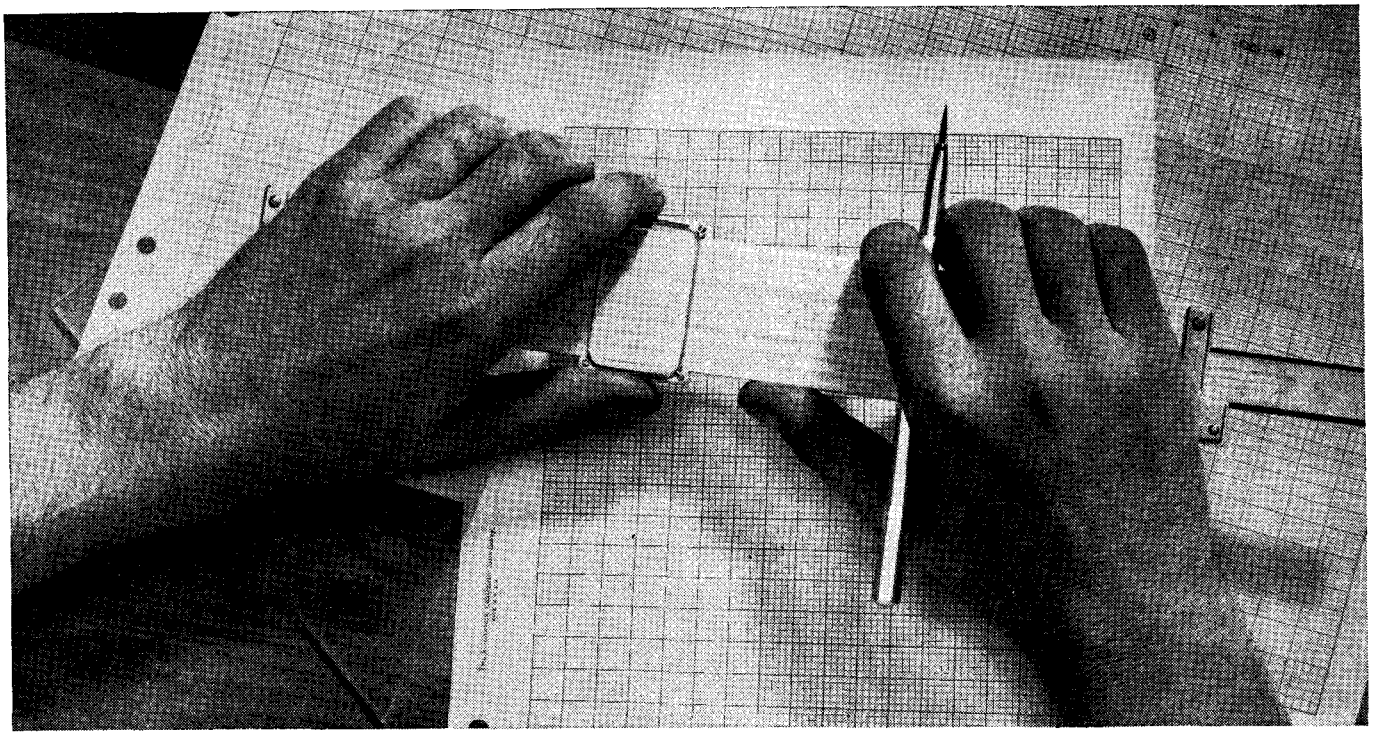

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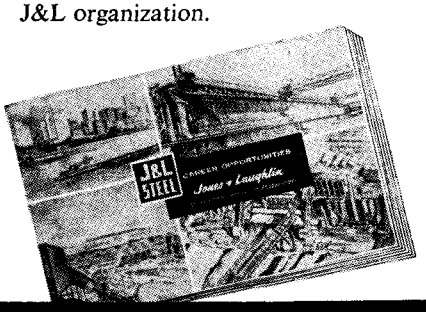

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